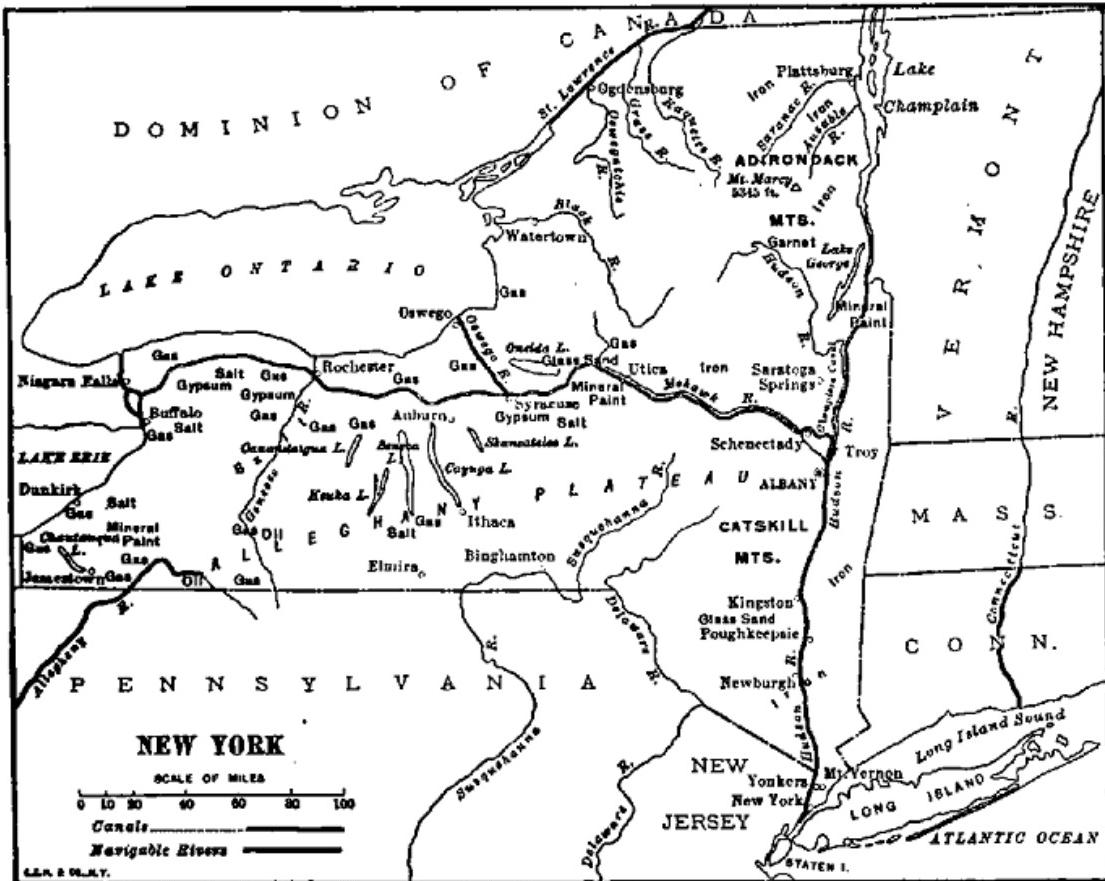


NEW YORK



OUTLINE MAP OF NEW YORK

Showing boundaries, navigable rivers, principal canals, leading cities, location of gas and oil, salt and gypsum fields, and the highest point of land in the state.

(image is from the 1918 edition of World Book Encyclopedia, whence this article comes)

one of the Middle Atlantic states of the American Union and one of the original thirteen states. It was named in honor of the Duke of York, to whom it was granted in 1664 by Charles II of England. Before that time it had been called New Netherland.

New York has been nicknamed the Empire State—not that it is the largest of the states, for twenty-eight of them are larger, but for other elements which give it imposing rank.

It is bountifully supplied with natural resources, and it is first among the states in population, manufactures, commerce and wealth.

Its principal city, which possesses one of the most magnificent natural harbors in

the world, is situated practically on the Atlantic Ocean.

It has become the country's chief gateway on the eastern coast, through which the tide of immigration has flowed into the United States and through which a great amount of the produce exchanged between the United States and the rest of the world passes. It is small wonder that New York City has grown into the greatest city on the American continent.

Size and Location. The state has the shape of a rude triangle, with the apex formed by New York City on the south and the base formed roughly by Lake Erie, Niagara River, Lake Ontario and Saint Lawrence River. With an area of 49,204 square miles, of which 1,550 square miles are water, New York is about one-fifth

the size of Texas and one-fifteenth as large as the province of Ontario on the north. The state nearest to it in size is Louisiana, which is 698 square miles smaller. New York occupies about the same area as England. The extreme length of the state from north to south is 312 miles; the greatest breadth from east to west is 326 miles.

Its People.

New York is the most populous state in the Union, and has ranked first in population since 1820. It had in 1910 a population of 9,113,614 inhabitants, showing an increase of 1,844,720, or 25.4 per cent, during the first decade of the twentieth century. According to the state census it had 9,687,744 inhabitants in 1915. On January 1, 1917, the Census Bureau estimated the number as 10,366,778. The European country nearest to New York State in point of population in 1912 was Belgium, which had 7,571,387 inhabitants. With an average number of 191.2 persons to the square mile, the state ranks fifth in density of population, being surpassed by Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Connecticut. Nearly four-fifths of the whole population lived in towns in 1910, as compared with an urban population of less than three-fourths of the whole in 1900. Of its total population, 35.4

per cent were native whites of native parentage; 33 per cent were native whites of foreign or mixed parentage; 29.9 per cent were foreignborn

whites, and 1.5 per cent were negroes.

The foreign-born population of the state, numbering 2,729,272 persons in 1910, was almost twice as large as in any other state.

Religion. About sixty per cent of the people of New York are Roman Catholics. Of the Protestant denominations the Methodists are the most numerous, followed by the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, Lutherans and Congregationalists. There are in the state a great number of Jews. New York City contains the greatest cathedral on the American continent, that of Saint John the Divine.

Education. The educational system is under the direct supervision and strict control of the board of regents for the University of the State of New York and their executive officer, the commissioner of education. The board of regents consists of twelve members, elected by joint ballot of the legislature for a term of twelve years, one retiring each year. The board appoints the commissioner of education, who exercises general supervision over all common, secondary, high and special schools. He has very wide powers, and is assisted by three assistant commissioners. There are no county superintendents in New York. The local supervisory unit is the supervisory district which is usually a part of a county and which is under a district superintendent elected for five years.

The legislature of 1917 enacted a law, which has been approved by the governor, substituting a township system for the old school district system which has been in operation for more than a century. The local unit of administration is, therefore, no longer the school district but the township.

Universities and Colleges.

In each section of the state is located some well-known college or university. New York does not maintain a

state university, like so many of the states. Cornell University, located at Ithaca, has received from the state a grant of land for the establishment of a college of agriculture and mechanical arts and has the position of a semistate university. Although founded as late as 1869, Cornell has become one of the leading universities in the United States. The oldest, as well as the greatest, of the higher institutions of learning in the state is Columbia University, located in New York City. Affiliated with it are Teachers College and Barnard College for women.

The chief institutions of higher education, arranged in alphabetical order, are as follows:

Adelphi College, Brooklyn
Alfred University, Alfred
Buffalo University, Buffalo
Clarkson Technical School, Potsdam
Colgate University, Hamilton
College of the City of New York, New York
Elmira College, Elmira
Fordham University, New York
Hamilton College, Clinton
Hobart College, Geneva
Hunter College, New York
Manhattan College, New York
New York University, New York
Niagara University, Niagara
Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn
Pratt Institute, Brooklyn
Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy
Rochester University, Rochester
Saint Lawrence University, Canton
Smith College (for women), Geneva
Syracuse University, Syracuse
Union University, Schenectady
Vassar College (for women), Poughkeepsie
Wells College (for women), Aurora
The United States Military Academy is at West Point.

There are nearly a thousand secondary schools.

Normal Institutions. For the training of teachers the state maintains the State College for Teachers at Albany and normal schools

located at Brockport, Buffalo, Cortland, Fredonia, Geneseo, New Paltz, Oneonta, Oswego, Plattsburg and Potsdam. In New York City are located the New York, Brooklyn and Jamaica training schools for teachers. Training schools are also maintained at Albany, Buffalo, Cohoes, Jamestown, Rochester, Schenectady, Syracuse, Watertown and Yonkers. These local training schools are required to maintain courses of study approved by the Education Department of the State, and the requirements for admission to such schools are the same as the requirements for admission to state normals. There are also 113 of the high schools which maintain special courses for the training of teachers. These special courses are called "training classes," and the particular object of such classes is to train teachers for the rural schools of the state.

Illiteracy. On account of the large foreignborn population of the state the percentage of illiteracy is rather higher than the educational facilities would warrant. In 1910 there were 406,020 persons of ten years of age or over who could not read or write; this represents 5.5 per cent of the population. But among the native white population alone the percentage of illiteracy was only 0.8 per cent; it reached 13.7 per cent among the foreign-born inhabitants, and was 5 per cent among negroes.

Physical Features and Resources

Physical Features. There are great differences in the physical features of the state. Speaking generally, the northern and eastern parts are mountainous, while the remainder of the state is a region of low plateaus and rolling plains. Excluding Long Island, the surface of

Showing boundaries, navigable rivers, principal and gypsum fields, and the highest point of land which is low and level, New York can be divided into several well-marked physical regions.

Eastern Mountain Belt. This is a region of rugged hills and low mountains, which are the

continuation and foothills of the Green Mountains and of the Berkshire Hills of New England. It occupies the entire portion east of the Hudson River.

The Plateau Region and the Catskill Mountains. West of the Hudson River is the plateau region, which extends through Southern and Central New York almost to Lake Erie. This region is the northern extension of the Alleghany plateau, which skirts the western base of the Appalachian Mountains. The eastern limit of this plateau is formed by the Catskill Mountains. These mountains cover an area of about 500 square miles, and are in the form of a group rather than that of a range. Many of their slopes are wooded and the intervening valleys are fertile. The region of the Catskills, like that of the Adirondacks, is a favorite summer resort. The highest peak, Slide Mountain, has an altitude of 4,205 feet, and there are several peaks between 3,000 and 4,000 feet high. This whole extensive plateau region is cut up by many deep and wide valleys, which have a general direction from north to south.

The Adirondacks. The most notable feature of New York's surface is the roughly-circular mountain region known as the Adirondacks (which see). It has an area of over 5,000 square miles and covers all the eastern and northern portion of the state, extending south to the Mohawk Valley. The Adirondack region is justly celebrated for its beautiful and wild scenery, for its rugged peaks, its primeval forests and its hundreds of lakes and mountain streams. It contains several peaks between 3,000 and 4,000 feet high. The highest peak, Mount Marcy, 5,345 feet, is the highest point of the state.

To the west of the Adirondacks and north of the plateau region extends the lake shore plain, which has a slightly undulating surface, sloping gently towards the lakes. The soil of this plain is very fertile and the region is specially suited for fruit raising.



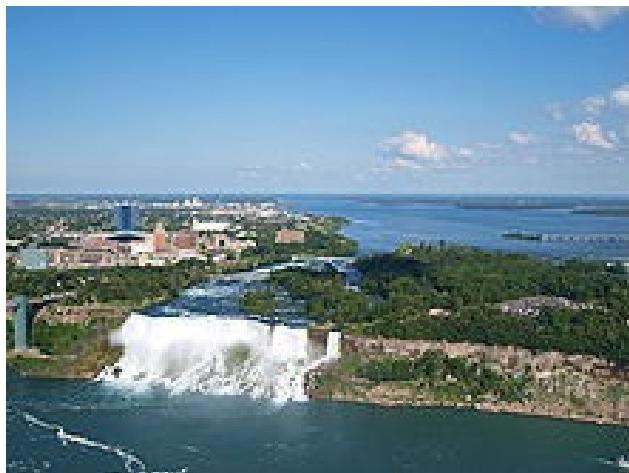
Palisades Valley

The Mohawk Valley.

Extending from the Hudson River near Albany and west to Utica is the low, narrow valley of the Mohawk River. The Hudson-Mohawk Valley, which forms the only great break in the Appalachian system, offers the best way to the interior of the continent. It constituted the only natural trade route between the Atlantic and the Great Lakes even before the building of the Erie Canal. Rivers. All parts of the state are well supplied with rivers, which find their way into the Atlantic Ocean by five different drainage basins. These navigable waters and the open valleys which lead out in all directions have been among the main factors which have contributed to give New York its leading commercial position. Foremost among them are the Hudson and the Mohawk. The Hudson River, which rises in the Adirondacks, is the most important river wholly within the state, and is navigable for large boats for a distance of over 150 miles. Its chief affluent is the Mohawk, which waters the central part of the state. Just before it enters the Hudson near Cohoes it forms a magnificent waterfall.

The rivers in the northern part of the state flow into lakes Erie and Ontario and are drained through the Saint Lawrence into the Atlantic Ocean. Among these rivers are the Genesee, which in a course of about 100 miles completely traverses the state from south to north; and

the Oswego, whose affluent, the Seneca, gathers the waters of the Finger lakes. The southern part is drained by the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the Allegheny.



American and Bridal Falls

Waterfalls. Many of these rivers flow through wide and fertile valleys during the greater part of their course, but at some points pass through deep gorges and form notable waterfalls. Besides their scenic beauty these falls are sources of water power, a fact that has caused the establishment of large industrial plants in their neighborhood. Chief among them are Niagara Falls (see Niagara Falls and River), the greatest natural generator of power that has yet been harnessed for the service of man. Other falls are the Genesee Falls at Portage and Rochester; the Taughannock Falls, near Cayuga Lake, the highest in the state, with a fall of 230 feet; the Trenton Falls, formed by the West Canada Creek, which in a course of two miles has a descent of 310 feet; the Glens Falls, formed by the Hudson, and the falls of the Mohawk, near Cohoes.

Lakes. New York contains a large number of lakes, either wholly or partly within its boundaries. Noted for its picturesque scenery is Lake George, about forty miles long, which discharges its waters into Lake Champlain, half of which belongs to New York. In the plateau region directly south of Lake Ontario there is

a group of long, narrow, navigable lakes, nearly parallel to each other, with their greatest length extending from north to south. These are known as the Finger Lakes. The most important of this group are Cayuga and Seneca, each nearly forty miles long and from two to three miles wide; Canandaigua, Onondaga and Keuka. Northeast of these is Lake Oneida. In the extreme southwestern part of the state is Lake Chautauqua, famous as a summer resort, on the shores of which is situated the home of the Chautauqua Institution. See Chautauqua, subhead Chautauqua Institution.

Climate. As is to be expected in a state which possesses such a diversity of surface, the climate of New York shows great variation. It has a continental type of climate characterized by extremes of heat and cold and subject to sudden changes of temperature (see Climate). It is much milder in the neighborhood of the lakes, which tend to moderate the heat of summer and the cold of winter and to prevent the late frosts of spring and the early frosts of fall, from which so many parts of the state suffer. The summer maximum is 100° Fahrenheit; the winter minimum is zero on the sea border and ranges from 20° to 40° below zero in the interior. The rainfall is abundant but not excessive, the average being about forty-one inches a year. The snowfall is heavy in nearly all parts of the state.

Agriculture. New York is still an important agricultural state, although it has lost the first place which it occupied for so many years. As regards the value of its agricultural products it ranked eighth among the states of the Union in 1910. Nearly three-fourths of the total land area, which is 30,498,560 acres, is occupied by farms, and of this amount two-thirds is improved land. The average size of a farm is 102.2 acres, and the average value of an acre is \$32.13. About four-fifths of the farms are operated by owners or their managers, and only one-fifth by tenants. The chief crop, both as regards acreage under cultivation and value of product, is hay. In hay production New

York occupies the first place among the states, followed by Iowa and Pennsylvania. The area given to hay is about 4,500,000 acres, and the production amounts to about 5,850,000 tons a year, with a total value of approximately \$82,000,000.

Oats, with an acreage of about 1,340,000 acres and a production of 54,250,000 bushels a year, ranks first among the cereals. In its acreage of buckwheat, about 280,000 acres, New York ranks first among the states, closely followed by Pennsylvania. In its acreage in potatoes, over 355,000 acres, the state also ranks first, closely followed by Michigan. New York also ranks first in the production of vegetables and garden produce, which find a ready market in the numerous cities. The area in vegetables is over 175,500 acres. It is worth noticing that over 35,000 acres are devoted to the growing of cabbages, which represents an area more than three times larger than that in Wisconsin, which ranks next in this respect.

The soil and climate on the borders of lakes Erie and Ontario and in the region around the Finger Lakes are specially suited for the growing of fruit. Here large quantities of peaches and grapes are raised. As regards the area under vineyards New York is surpassed only by California. Fruit is also raised in large quantities in the Hudson Valley. New York leads all the states of the Union in the production of apples, which amounted to over 25,500,000 bushels in 1915. The state is also a large producer of maple sugar, ranking second after Vermont. Horticulture is greatly developed in New York, the raising of flowers for city markets having become an important industry.

Besides the state agricultural college attached to Cornell University the state maintains six schools of agriculture. These schools are located respectively at Cobleskill, Delhi, Farmingdale, Morrisville, and one at Canton in connection with Saint Lawrence University, and another at Alfred in connection with Alfred

University.

Live Stock. With large regions in the state well suited by soil and climate for pasturage and with numerous large towns where the products are sought, it is only natural that the raising of live stock and dairy farming should constitute one of the chief occupations. In 1916 there were 1,539,000 milch cows, a number surpassed only in Wisconsin. A great deal of the milk is sold in the neighboring cities, but where these are too distant it is carried to creameries and cheese factories where it is turned into butter and cheese. New York takes high rank among the states as regards the quantity as well as the quality of these products. With a production of about 105,-500,000 pounds of cheese annually, New York is second to Wisconsin, and these two states produce more than three-quarters of the cheese manufactured in the United States.

Forests. Large tracts in the Adirondacks and to a lesser degree in the Catskills are covered with dense forests. Nearly forty per cent of the whole area of the state is under timber. The chief trees are white pine, spruce and hemlock, intermingled with hardwoods—maple, beech, oak and basswood. Lumbering has been for a long time one of the state's chief industries, and even to-day New York is among the leading states as regards the value of its forest products. The state has adopted the policy of securing the ownership of large tracts of forest, and has established forest reserves both in the Adirondacks and the Catskills; over 1,825,000 acres are now in such forest preserves. A large state park has been established in the heart of the Adirondacks and a smaller one in the Catskills.

The amount of timber cut, of which sixty per cent is soft wood, averages over 450,-000,000 feet board measure a year. Large tracts of woodland are comprised in the farm lots, and forest products to the value of over \$10,000,000 are produced yearly on the farms. Fisheries. New York possesses rich fishing

grounds in its extensive seacoast, and in its numerous lakes and rivers. It is one of the few states that contain fresh- as well as salt water fisheries. In value of fishery products, about \$5,000,000 a year, New York ranks third among the Middle Atlantic states. More than half of this value is represented by oysters. Minerals. A great variety of mineral substance is extracted each year from the mines and quarries of New York. The principal metallic ore found here is iron ore, of which about 1,500,000 tons are mined annually. This is found in the Adirondacks, and nearly ninety per cent of the output comes from the region around Port Henry, on the southeastern shore of Lake Champlain. The clay deposits are among the most valuable resources of the state. These are found mostly along the banks of the Hudson and in Long Island. The clay is used for making bricks, pottery, terra cotta and porcelain for electrical supplies. The Hudson Valley has become the greatest brickmaking region in the world, on account of its large deposits of clay and the cheap transportation by water to New York City.

New York ranks third among the states of the Union in the value of the products of its quarries, being surpassed only by Pennsylvania and Vermont. The chief products are granites, limestones, sandstones and marble. The white marble used in many of New York's finest buildings has come from the marble quarries found at Tuckahoe, in Westchester County. Some of the choicest varieties of black marble quarried in the United States have come from an extensive deposit of limestone found near Glens Falls. Cement, which is produced in large quantities, ranks third in value among the mineral products.

New York is the largest salt-producing state

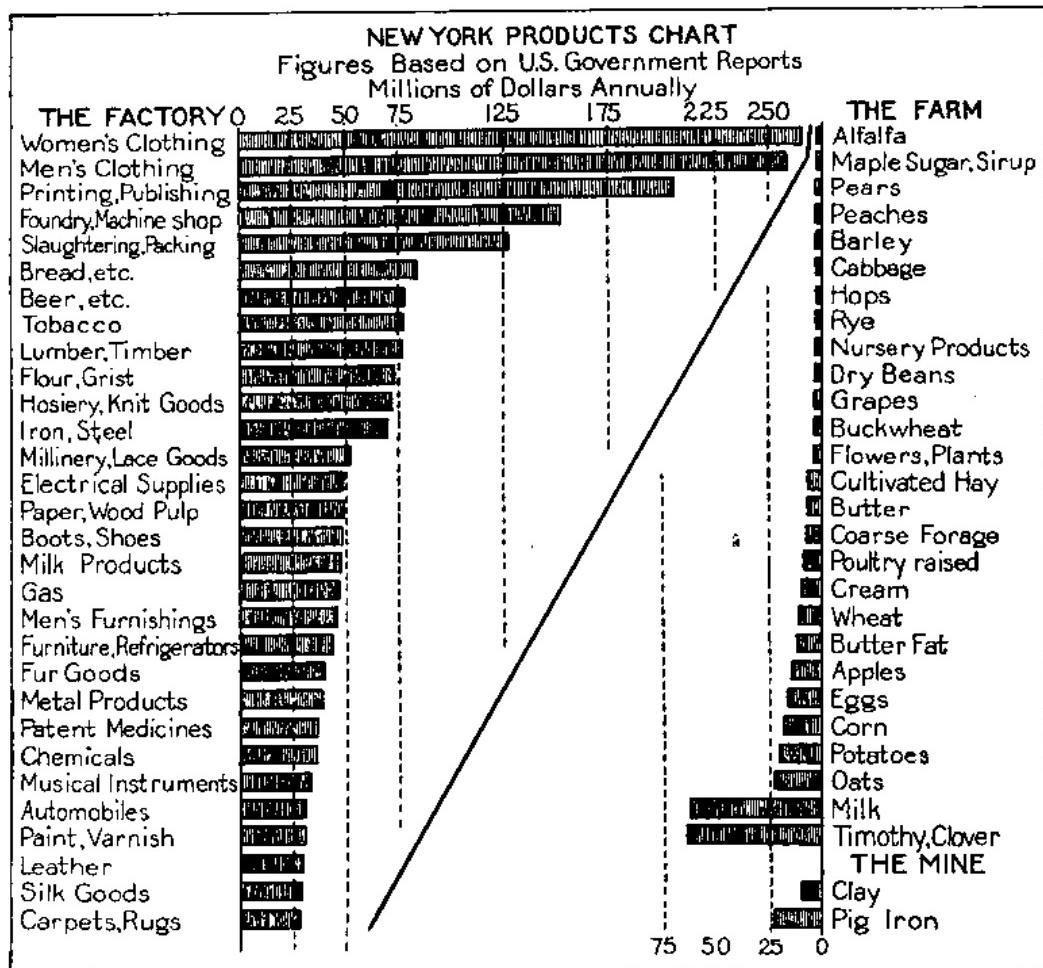
in the Union, closely followed by Michigan; its production is about 10,400,000 barrels a year. Extensive deposits of rock salt beds which vary from a few inches to 150 feet in thickness are found south of Lake Ontario and in the Genesee

Valley. The growth of towns like Syracuse and Ithaca was due at the beginning to the working of these extensive salt deposits. The location of large manufactories of chemicals and glass is also due to the abundance of the salt deposits. In the same region occur deposits of gypsum, in the production of which New York ranks first. The state leads in the production of graphite, which is mined around Lake George, and in that of fibrous talc, which is extracted near Talcville, in Saint Lawrence County. It also leads in the production of aluminum and of millstones, and ranks second in the production of feldspar.

Petroleum is extracted in the southwestern part of the state, the oil fields here being a continuation of the Pennsylvania fields. In the same and adjacent regions is also found natural gas. New York has over forty springs which contain mineral water. The best-known among them are the springs found at Saratoga, which attract a great number of visitors.



Fulton County Courthouse, Johnstown



Manufactures and Commerce

Manufactures. New York is the leading manufacturing state in the Union. It has continuously occupied this position since 1830. Its favorable geographical situation, its own great natural resources, its abundance of water power, its splendid transportation facilities, its commercial supremacy and the necessity of supplying the needs of a large population are among the chief factors that have contributed to the state's great industrial development. The industry of New York is characterized rather by a great diversity of objects manufactured than by an overwhelming superiority in single lines of manufactures. A notable exception is Troy, where over ninety per cent of the shirts and collars made in the United States are manufactured. The same applies to the manu-

facture of gloves and mittens, of which three-quarters of the whole output of the country is produced in the state, and about two-thirds of this amount in the neighboring towns of Gloversville and Johnstown.

The value of the products manufactured in the year 1910 was nearly 3,370 million dollars, or over 675 million more than that of Pennsylvania, the second largest manufacturing state in the Union. The most important industry in the state is the manufacture of men's and women's clothing. More than half of the total value of clothing manufactured in the whole country was produced in New York. New York also leads in the printing and publishing industry, the value of which is thirty per cent of the total production in the United States.

More newspapers and periodicals are issued here than in any other state. As regards the value of products, this is the second industry in the state. Foundry and machine-shop products come next in value, and in this respect New York ranks second among the states. This includes the manufacture of small and delicate machines, like sewing machines, typewriters and similar objects, as well as agricultural machinery and implements.

New York ranks third among the states of the Union in the value of its manufacture of textiles. This group includes the manufacture of hosiery and knit goods; carpets and rugs; various cotton, woolen, worsted and felt goods; silk and silk goods and other textiles. But there are many branches of the textile industry in which the state ranks first. Slaughtering and meat packing is another important branch of industry in which New York ranks high. In the value of flour and gristmill products, which is one of the oldest industries in the state, it ranks second. The manufacture of malt, distilled and vinous liquors is a very important industry, the state ranking first among the states in the value of its malt liquors. An enumeration of minor manufactures, many of them reaching the status of great industries, would be a huge task. It may be summarized in the statement that this state manufactures in greater or less quantities practically every thing used by man.

Transportation. New York far outranks any other state as regards its facilities for water transportation. It is bordered on one side by the Atlantic Ocean and on the other side by lakes Erie and Ontario; it is traversed by several navigable rivers, and possesses a great number of small, navigable lakes. The Erie Canal, opened in 1825, and now a part of the great Barge Canal system, connects the Hudson River at Troy with Lake Erie at Buffalo. This canal has played an important part in the commercial and economic development of the state, and along its route several important

cities have developed. In addition to this canal several others have been built, so the state has nearly 1,100 miles of navigable waterways. See Erie Canal; New York State Barge Canal. New York is well supplied with railroad facilities. Several trunk lines extend from the sea board to the lakes, and most of them send branches across the central and western parts of the state through the parallel valleys which run from north to south. This gives the net of railroads, when seen on the map, the appearance of a rude ladder. The state had 8,733 miles of railroad in 1915. The principal lines are the New York Central and Hudson River; the Erie; the Delaware & Hudson; the Lehigh Valley; the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western;



Cooperstown main street

the New York, Ontario & Western; the Long Island ; the Pennsylvania ; the New York, New Haven & Hartford, and the Central New England. In addition to these lines the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Philadelphia & Reading, which enter Jersey City, have ferry connection with New York City.

Commerce. In commerce New York surpasses all other states. Over one-third of the exports and nearly two-thirds of the imports of the United States pass through the port of New York City. Large as this foreign trade is, the coastwise trade is vastly larger. The state has a number of ports of entry, among which are Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls, Oswego,

Ogdensburg and Plattsburg. Much of the domestic traffic between the East and the West passes through the state. In addition to this carrying trade, the great diversity of industries within the state itself, combined with its large population, makes its domestic commerce larger than that of any other section of the United States of the same area.

Government and History

Government. New York is governed under the constitution adopted in 1894. This is the fourth constitution the state has had, the other three having been adopted in 1777, 1821 and 1846, respectively. An amendment to the constitution can be introduced only after it has been adopted by two successive legislatures and has been approved by the people. A new constitution was prepared by a special constitutional convention assembled in 1915, but it was rejected by the people. Counting from 1916, the question of revising the constitution may be submitted to the people at the general election every twenty years.

The executive officials, the governor, lieutenant-governor, secretary of state, state treasurer, state comptroller, attorney-general and state engineer or surveyor, are elected for two years each. The lieutenant-governor presides over the senate.

The legislative power is vested in a senate of fifty-one members, elected for two years, and an assembly of 150 members, elected for one year. Sessions of the legislature begin on the first Wednesday in January of each year, and are not limited as to their duration. No person is eligible to the legislature who at the time of his election is, or within 100 days previous thereto has been, a member of Congress, a civil or military officer of the United States, or an officer under any city government. New York sends forty-three members to the United States House of Representatives. The judicial system is headed by a court of

appeals, a supreme court and an appellate division of the supreme court. The highest court in the state is not, as in most states of the Union, the supreme court, but the court of appeals. This is composed of a chief judge and nine associate judges, elected for fourteen years. The supreme court consists of 101 judges elected for fourteen years. The governor designates from the justices of the supreme court those who shall constitute the appellate division. The state is divided into four judicial divisions, and for each of them there is an appellate division of the supreme court. The County of New York by itself forms one division. Below these are the usual county and lower courts. Justices of all courts must retire when they have reached the age of seventy years.

For purposes of local government the state is divided into counties, but the chief units of local government are the cities, incorporated villages and towns. The cities have been divided according to population into three classes; the first class contains those with 175,000 inhabitants or more; the second class those with 50,000 to 175,000 inhabitants; and the third class all the other cities. Each class is allowed to organize its government according to general plans established by the legislature. All special laws affecting a city must be submitted to the mayor for his approval.

Other Statutory Provisions. Legislation since

1912 has resulted in a strict fire-prevention law for factories, and its enforcement is in the hands of the Industrial Commission. Several measures for the protection of the labor of women and children are in force. Work for women in factories between ten o'clock at night and six o'clock in the morning is prohibited. Women may not work in factories or mills within four weeks after childbirth. A workmen's compensation act has been in force since 1913. In 1915 a law was passed providing a pension for widowed mothers, the object of which is to prevent children from being separated from

their mothers and sent to orphan asylums. For the conservation of the natural resources of the state a special conservation department has been created.

New York has a primary election law for the nomination of all state officers. There are two public service commissions, one for New York City and another one for the rest of the state. The public service commission has general regulatory power over public service corporations and may determine the maximum rail way fare rates.

Charitable and Penal Institutions. The state

maintains a large number of charitable and penal institutions. State prisons are located at Auburn, Ossining (popularly known as Sing Sing) and Clinton, and the Great Meadow prison is at Comstock. The prison for women is also at Auburn. The reformatories at Elmira and Napanoch are for boys, and that at Bedford for girls; there is a training school for girls at Hudson and an industrial school for boys at Industry, near Rochester.

The asylums for the insane are located at Utica, Willard, Poughkeepsie, Middletown, Buffalo, Binghamton, Ogdensburg, Rochester, King's Park, Central Islip and Gowanda.

There are two asylums for insane criminals, located at Matteawan and Dannemora. The asylum for feeble-minded children is at Syracuse, and that for feeble-minded women is at Newark. A state custodial asylum is maintained at Rome. Craig Colony for Epileptics is maintained at Soneyea, and a second institution is maintained at Letchworth Village for epileptics and feeble-minded persons.

The school for the blind is at Batavia. There is also an institution in New York City known as "The New York Institution for the Blind," which, though private, receives state pupils. An asylum for destitute and orphan Indian children is at Iroquois. The state hospital for the care of crippled and deformed children is

at West Haverstraw; the state hospital for the treatment of incipient tuberculosis is at Raybrook. A soldiers' and sailors' home is at Bath.

The Dutch Period of History.

In the names of its rivers, lakes, towns and counties New

York state has many memorials of its eventful history. Thus the many Dutch names remind us that the Dutch were the first settlers of this region. In 1609 the Englishman, Henry Hudson, who was in the service of a Dutch company, entered the harbor which is now named New York and sailed up the river which now bears his name. The Dutch soon established temporary trading posts and prosperous settlements, and they maintained a profitable fur trade for years. The first settlements were made on Manhattan Island in 1623 and at Albany in 1624. Two years later the Dutch governor, Peter Minuit, bought from the Indians Manhattan Island, now the heart of New York City, giving in return goods valued at twentyfour dollars.

The English Period.

The Dutch came in constant collision with the English on the east and south, and finally were forced to relinquish their hold on the territory in 1664, when this region, New Jersey and Delaware were occupied by England and granted to the Duke of York, brother of Charles II. The name of New Netherland was now changed to that of New York. For a time the colony prospered under liberal rule, but it was later made the victim of worthless and unscrupulous governors. It suffered severely by the invasions of French and Indians during the wars of the eighteenth century. In the early days of the pre-Revolutionary struggle the colony contained many Tories, but the patriots were largely in the majority, and some of the most defiant actions of the whole struggle were taken by New York. A popular convention met at White Plains in 1776 and organized an independent government. It adopted in the following year a constitution which remained the

state constitution for the next forty-five years.

Early History as a State. During the War of Independence the state was the scene of many important military operations. Worthy of special mention are the Battle of Oriskany (August, 1777) and the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga (October, 1777), two of the most decisive military events of the war. New York was among the first to ratify the Articles of Confederation (1778), but it opposed a strong Federal government, two of its three delegates withdrawing from the Constitutional Convention of 1787. It was the eleventh state to ratify the Constitution (July, 1788). The Continental Congress met at New York from 1785 to 1790, and it was here that Washington was inaugurated President in 1789. The Federalists were at first dominant in the state, but after 1800 the Republicans were in power for more than twenty years, chiefly under the leadership of De Witt Clinton, one of the most able of the governors who have occupied the executive chair of New York. A second constitution was adopted in 1821, and a third, which abolished feudal tenure of land, in 1846. This constitution remained in force until 1894, when the present constitution, amended several times, was adopted.



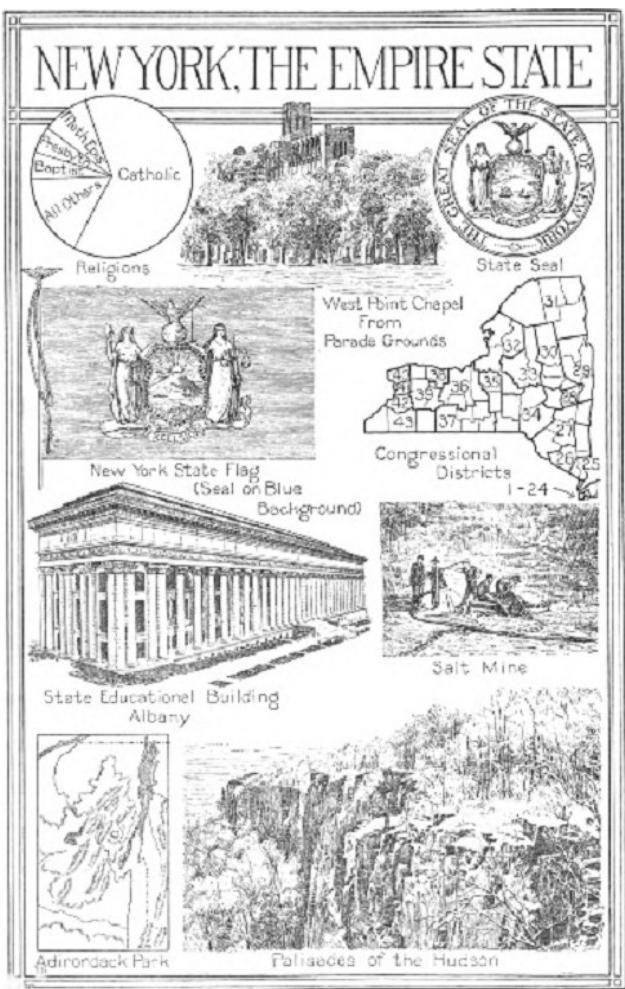
Harriet Tubman's house

Recent History. Though a free state, New-York was divided in the slavery struggle; and during the early years of the War of Secession the Democrats, or antiadministration party,

were in power. Nevertheless, the state was one of the strongest supporters of the Union cause and furnished 467,000 troops to the Federal army. Since the War of Secession its development has been rapid and continuous. In state politics as well as in Presidential elections New York is an uncertain state. In the election of 1912 Woodrow Wilson carried the state for the Democratic party ; in 1916 the Republican candidate, Hughes, won the state. In June, 1917, a law went into effect extending the local-option principle to all cities of the state. t.e.p.

Consult Hale's New York, In "Tarry at Home" Travels ; Irvng's Knickerbocker's History of New

York; Roberts' New York: the Planting and the Growth of the Empire State; Randall's History of the State of New York; Prentice's History of New York State, for use in high schools and academies.



RESEARCH QUESTIONS OF NEW YORK

What mountains of the state play a part in one of the earliest and one of the most popular stories ever written in the United States?

How did New York long rank among the agricultural states? How does it rank to-day?

How many constitutions has the state had in the course of its history? When was the present one adopted?

What will be the next year in which the question of a constitutional revision may be brought before the people?

For whom was this state named? What name had it borne previously? What had its chief city been called?

What has won for New York its popular name? Why is it sometimes called the

"pivotal" state?

How much smaller is New York than the largest state? How much larger than the smallest?

How long has it been since any state had a larger population than New York?

How does it happen that a state with such an excellent school system has so large an illiteracy percentage?

Is the highest point in the state higher or lower than that of Maine? Of Iowa?

Of Kansas? Of South Carolina?

Why was the valley of the Mohawk River so important in the early history of the state?

Of what use, other than as navigable waterways, have the rivers of New York been in its development?

What is the "greatest natural generator of power that has yet been harnessed?"

What are the Finger Lakes, and why are they so called? What lake in this state has given its name to a well-known institution? Why is the region about the Great Lakes better suited to the raising of fruits than is the rest of the state?

What proportion of the total land area is in improved farms?

Mention three agricultural products in which New York leads all the states.

Mention two in which it surpasses any other state in acreage.

What does the state do to help the farmers?

What does it do toward the preservation of its forests?

If you might have the annual sale price from one of New York's fishing products, which would you choose?

What industry in which the Hudson Valley surpasses any other region in the world depends on a mineral product of the valley?

Of what mineral substance which practically every one uses every day does New York produce more than any other state?

Why might you expect New York to manufacture many lead pencils?

What factors have contributed to the remarkable growth of the manufacturing industries of the state?

What proportion of the foreign trade of the country passes through the great port of this state?

What stand did the state take with reference to the Federal Constitution? When was a President inaugurated in this state?



NEW YORK, the greatest city in the Western hemisphere, and, referring strictly to corporate lines, the largest city in the world. The population of London, England, including the metropolitan and city police districts, is over 7,250,000, but Registration London, the city proper, contained 4,522,964 people at the census of 1911. Greater New York in 1910 had a population of 4,766,883; the state census of 1915 credited it with 5,006,484, and according to a Census Bureau estimate the number had increased to 5,602,841 by January, 1917. This vast city in its everyday life presents statistics which emphasize its greatness, and from these there have arisen popular fancies which reveal New York in certain unfavorable lights, most of which are incorrect and misleading. We are told that every second four visitors arrive in the city ; that every forty-two seconds in normal years an immigrant from

across the Atlantic enters the harbor; that every fifty-two seconds a passenger train arrives. Mammoth buildings, from twenty to fifty-five stories high, tower on all sides in the business section; the street called Broadway is featured in thousands of newspapers; the wonderful "tubes," or tunnels, captivate the fancy; the stories of Wall Street manipulations are sometimes almost unbelievable; the city requires 22,000 school teachers, 10,000 policemen, 5,000 firemen and 3,000 street cleaners. To some people all these and other statistical facts cast the glamour of unreality over the city. The many thousands of daily visitors take away with them transient impressions which find expression in such terms as "Bagdad-on-the-Hudson" and "Modern Babylon."

Of what is New York really composed? To the student of municipalities it is found to be full of serious people who never worry about the Four Hundred who compose "society;" who seldom appear on the great "White Way," as half a mile of Broadway has been termed; who have but a vague knowledge of the Stock Exchange. They are not in the limelight, and thus are not of that New York which is her alded "back home" by visitors. They go their way as do people elsewhere—up in the morning, down to work, home in the evening. They are different in that many of them live in layers of stone and mortar, from seven to ten and twenty stories high, but that is because they are obliged to do so; otherwise their hopes, experiences and ambitions are not unlike those of their country cousins. There are five million people in Greater New York to whom a home is a private institution; comparatively few of the population travel to the measure of sprightly music, and these do so largely for the amusement of the visitor.

Geography of the City. When New York is referred to there usually comes to mind only the congested area of Manhattan Island. Until 1898 the city did not extend beyond the island, which is about thirteen miles long and a mile and a half in average width. To the east, across

East River, was Brooktyn, with a million people, and with a populous suburban district north and east; north of Manhattan, and separated from it by the Harlem River, was the rapidly-growing Bronx; to the southwest, barely separated from the New Jersey main land, was Staten Island, forming the New York County of Richmond, and naturally tributary to the metropolitan district. On January 1, 1898, Greater New York, with five boroughs, or divisions—Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx and Richmond—came into existence, by act of the legislature in the preceding year. These boroughs now form one great city, and surrounding them on three sides are very populous suburban residence and manufacturing districts of three states—New York, New Jersey and Connecticut—with interests very largely dependent upon the great city.

The southern end of the borough of Manhattan is the commercial and financial center, the middle section contains the department stores, hotels, theaters and railroad stations, and the upper part the residences; Queens is

THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT

The five boroughs comprising Greater New York are shown In black. Just outside, but contributing to the city's life, are the following:

- (1) Jersey City
- (2) Hoboken
- (3) Newark
- (4) Elizabeth City
- (5) Palisades
- (6) Yonkers
- (7) Mount Vernon
- (8) New Rochelle
- (9) North Hempstead
- (10) Hempstead

essentially a select residence district, and the Bronx, rapidly extending northward, is also a district of homes. Brooklyn retains the old characteristics it possessed before becoming a part of Greater New York, and therefore is a

combination of a great business section near the water fronts and of fine residence districts eastward. Richmond (Staten Island) is the least developed of the boroughs, but is the home of thousands of people whose business interests are in Manhattan; it has an area of fifty-seven square miles and an ocean frontage of thirteen miles.

Besides the islands—Manhattan and Staten—already mentioned, the city includes Blackwell's, Ward's and Randall's islands, in the East River, on which are located the city institutions of correction and charity; Governor's Island and Ellis Island, the landing place for immigrants, in Upper New York Bay; Coney Island, a famous pleasure resort, in the southern part of Brooklyn Borough; a number of small islands in Jamaica Bay, also a part of Brooklyn, and others of lesser importance in the vicinity of the Bronx. The total area of Greater New York is 327% square miles, including water surface; the land surface is 285 square miles.

Water Boundaries. The Hudson River sweeps majestically down the western side of Manhattan and the Bronx, pouring its water into Upper New York Bay. Between the Bronx and Manhattan is the Harlem River, which is connected with the Hudson by Spuyten Duyvil Creek, at the north end of Manhattan. The Harlem empties into the East River, which flows between Manhattan on the west and Queens and Brooklyn on the east, and connects the Upper Bay and Long Island Sound. Between Brooklyn and Richmond boroughs is a strait called the Narrows, which connects Upper New York Bay with the Lower Bay, the latter practically a part of the Atlantic. The Upper Bay forms one of the finest harbors in the world. It is about six miles long and five miles wide, the longer distance being from north to south, and is nearly fifteen square miles in area. In this bay, near its northern end, is the former Bedloe's Island, now Liberty Island, with its great statue, Liberty Enlightening the World. Facing the Nar-

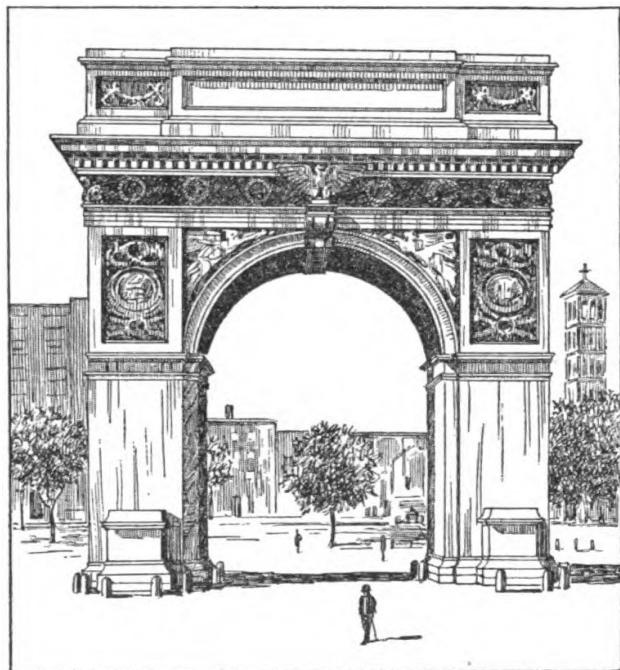
rows stands this gigantic goddess—a symbol to stir the emotions of the hopeful immigrant who passes in on his way to opportunity (see Liberty, Statue of). The Narrows is about one mile wide at the narrowest point, and is there guarded by forts Hamilton and Wadsworth.

Manhattan's Streets. New York has three streets whose fame is world-wide—Wall Street, symbolizing financial strength; Fifth Avenue, the center of wealth and fashion; Broadway, on which the eyes of the amusement world are focused. Broadway extends the entire length of the island. It begins at Battery Park and nearly bisects the southern two miles, then gradually turns westward and above Central Park runs near to and parallel with the Hudson River. It skirts several small parks, or squares, in its progress northward, notably City Hall Park, Union Square, at 14th Street ; Madison Square, at 23rd Street ; Greeley and Herald squares, at 33rd and 34th streets; Times Square, at 42nd Street, and Columbus Circle, at 59th Street, at the southwest corner of Central Park. Under Broadway for its entire length runs one of the lines of subways, described elsewhere in this article.

Wall Street has long been the money center of the Western hemisphere. After the United States began to supply munitions and food to the allied countries in the War of the Nations the balance of the world's financial strength gradually was acquired, but whether the ascendancy of New York will be retained only the future can determine. The street begins at Broadway at Trinity Church (see subhead Historic Buildings), well towards the southern end of the island, and extends eastward to East River. The financial district is not limited to Wall Street, but branches out on several cross thoroughfares, notably Nassau and Broad. Fifth Avenue begins at historic Washington Square and runs straight northward. The beautiful Washington Arch, illustrated herewith,

WASHINGTON ARCH

A memorial to commemorate the Inauguration



of George Washington as President of the United States, in New York City, in 1789. The arch is 77 feet high and 62 feet wide, with an archway 47 x 30 feet. The cost, \$228,000. was met by popular subscription. It was completed in 1893. and stands at the northeast corner of Washington Square, facing Fifth Avenue.

forms the entrance from the avenue to the square. Fifth Avenue between 38th or 40th Street and Central Park, at 59th Street, is the center of the most exclusive shopping district on the continent and possibly in the world, and north of 45th Street are the residences of some of America's wealthiest people. From 59th Street to 110th Street the avenue is the eastern boundary of the park. The finest residence street on Manhattan, and one of the most beautiful boulevards in the world, is Riverside Drive, which skirts the Hudson River south from 72nd Street as far north as the Spuyten Duyvil Creek. Many of the large apartment houses along the Drive are palatial in their appointments, and the private homes are among the finest in the city.

In the lower end of the island there is little orderly arrangement of streets; they remain practically as laid out by the early settlers,

when the town was a cluster of wooden buildings lying not far from the eastern and southern water fronts. In this section it is therefore difficult for the stranger to acquaint himself with his surroundings, but farther north, covering four-fifths of the island, the streets are nearly all at right angles, and on the whole New York City geography is easily mastered. The blocks north and south are short, about one-third as long as Chicago's, for example, but those running east and west average well with those of nearly all great cities.

Among the streets of lower Manhattan the Bowery, extending from Chatham Square to the junction of Third and Fourth avenues, deserves mention. Formerly the rendezvous of the East Side rough characters, it has largely outgrown its notoriety and has become a respectable street of homes and shops. Few Americans are found there, but it is the center of a large Jewish population.

Historic Buildings. The commercial spirit of the age has not entirely destroyed New York's evidences of age, as time is reckoned in the New World, but the city is not as rich in monuments of colonial days as are Boston and Philadelphia. Men have viewed old landmarks in terms of thousands of dollars per foot front, and many of the historic edifices have been sacrificed ; in their old places are some master pieces of twentieth-century architecture.

Trinity Church and Churchyard. The Trinity building is not old, for it dates only from 1846, but its situation in the heart of the lower city and its famous old burial ground make it one of the most cherished memorials of the metropolis. The location is on Broadway, at the head of Wall Street—religion confronting commercialism. The Church corporation is rich from the ownership of land in the vicinity granted to it in 1705, and It maintains several chapels and many missions out of its income of \$500,000 a year. In the church yard are buried many persons famous in American history. In 1914 there were men daring enough to propose the razing of the building and the removal of the cemetery that large buildings

might occupy the space.

Trinity Church And Churchyard

In the burial ground are the graves of Alexander Hamilton, Robert Fulton. Captain James Lawrence, Albert Gallatin and General Philip Kearny.

Castle Garden. At the southern extremity of the island a battery was placed in position before the Revolutionary War, but was little used. The name Battery Park was given to the point, and in 1805 Fort Clinton was built on it, at the water's edge.



FORMER CASTLE GARDEN

Now the home of the New York Aquarium. edge. Later the structure was abandoned for military purposes and it was remodeled into a popular meeting place. Lafayette was given a reception there in 1824. Afterwards it became a theater and in 1847 the home of grand opera. Jenny Lind appeared here in 1847. In 1885 the Federal government secured the building for a receiving station for immigrants, and for nearly seven years over a million foreigners a year passed through it

Into the New
World. In 1891
the city secured
the building and
remodeled it to be
the home of t h e
New York Aqua
rium, one of the
largest in the
world (see Aqua
rium).



Van Cortlandt Mansion. The Dutch Van Cortlands settled early in the north end of Manhattan Island ; the two leading members of the family, Stephanus and Jacobus, were born when the town at the southern end was still New Amsterdam. They owned nearly all the land close to the Harlem River ; eventually the city bought the estate and named it Van Cortlandt Park. The old manor house still stands, and is used as an historical museum.

Jumel Mansion. This home was erected In 1763. It was Washington's headquarters for five weeks in 1776. and the headquarters of the British General Clinton in the year following. Washington and his Cabinet were entertained here In 1790. The owner died In 1832, and f^l his widow married Aaron Burr, with whom she lived but a short time. Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote Marco Bozarris In this residence. In 1903 the city purchased the building and grounds for \$235,-000, and It is now Revolutionary period

and Jumel Place.

Fraunces' Tavern. This once famous house is one of the oldest buildings In the East standing. It was built in the year 1700, In a location which is now the corner of Broad and Pearl streets. It was a common meeting place of Revolutionary leaders, and in the building, in December , 1783, Washington took leave of his officers and aides. To preserve the building from destruction the Sons of the Revolution took charge of It and restored it to its original appearance an historical museum.

Commercial and Financial Buildings. The

sky line of commercial New York, seen from a good vantage point on the Hudson, is an extraordinary spectacle, and the effect of the hundreds of towering buildings, crowded together along the narrow island, is one never to be forgotten. The massive structures lining Broadway house some of the greatest business corporations in the world—the Equitable Assurance Society and the Manhattan and Metropolitan Life Insurance companies, the firm of F. W. Woolworth, the Standard Oil Company, the Singer Sewing Machine Company, the Adams and the American Express companies, and many others. The famous Woolworth Building, fifty-five stories above ground, is of special interest to the visitor ui New York because of its observation platform, over 700 feet above the ground. The view over Manhattan and its environs from the top of this giant among skyscrapers, the highest building in the world, affords an impressive lesson in geography. (For illustration of the building

see Architecture panel, page 322.) At the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and 23rd Street is another famous structure, the well-named Flatiron Building, whose twentyone stories rise from a narrow, triangular base, giving a peculiar effect of extreme height and slenderness. The Metropolitan Life Building, at Madison Square, is fifty stories high, and, including the tower, is 700 feet above ground level. In the tower is a wonderful clock equipped with chimes that sound the hours and the quarter- and half-hours. At night, by means of an ingenious electrical arrangement, the hours and quarter-hours are also announced by white and red flashes. The minute hand of this clock is seventeen feet in length and the hour hand thirteen and one-third feet, and the figures on the dial are four feet high.

Many other impressive buildings have been erected on the side streets crossing Broadway, such as the white marble Clearing House, on Cedar Street; the Chamber of Commerce, on Liberty Street; and the twenty-six-story building of the Western Union Telegraph Company, on Dey Street. The great financial district of the city also has its architectural glories. Interest, of course, centers in the nucleus of this section—Wall Street. At Number 10, at the head of New Street, stands the great Astor Building; at the corner of Broadway and Wall is the United Bank Building, home of several banking firms and railway companies; at Wall and Nassau is the thirty-nine-story structure of the Bankers Trust Company, the ground plot of which cost \$825 a square foot. A new, but comparatively small, building of palatial beauty, at 23 Wall Street, houses the offices of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company, and a few doors away, at Number 30, is the magnificent new Assay Office. Probably the handsomest building in the entire district is the Subtreasury, extending from the Assay Office to Nassau Street. It is built of granite, in Doric style of architecture, and contains a rotunda sixty feet in diameter, the dome of which is supported by sixteen Corinthian columns. The site of this building was formerly occupied by the old Dutch City Hall, and then by Federal Hall,

where Washington was inaugurated as first President of the United States. Mention should also be made of the three-million-dollar home of the New York Stock Exchange, on Broad Street, a thoroughfare which extends south from the Subtreasury ; and of the artistic new Custom House, which occupies an entire block at the foot of Broadway, facing a small park called Bowling Green.

Government Buildings. The edifices used by the city for administrative and judicial purposes are in keeping with the great commercial buildings. The offices of the mayor and of various other city officials and the meeting rooms of the board of aldermen are in the old City Hall, a beautiful building begun early in the nineteenth century and completed in 1812. It is in the center of City Hall Park, a small plot of green on Broadway, less than a mile above the Battery. The City Hall is more than an administrative building—it is a museum of historic relics and works of art. The old clock in its tower was destroyed by fire in May, 1917. Facing this structure, on Park Row and Center Street, with Chambers Street running through it, is the magnificent new Municipal Building, twenty-four stories high. In this building are housed the various city departments. It cost about \$12,000,000, besides the ground plot, and has several unique features. All of its windows face streets, and its basement contains a station where all the Brooklyn and Manhattan subway lines meet. On the corner of Chambers and Center streets is the \$9,000,000 Hall of Records, whose fireproof vaults guard the deeds of all of Manhattan's real estate. The Criminal Courts Building, also on Center Street, is connected by the socalled "Bridge of Sighs" with the great city prison, the Tombs. The latter occupies an entire block and is one of the finest buildings of its kind. At the junction of Park Row and Broadway, facing the Woolworth Building, is the handsome Post Office Building, an imposing example of Doric and Renaissance architecture.

Hotels, Theaters and Clubs. New York is unsurpassed in the number and costliness of its hotels, theaters and clubs, most of which are found in the Broadway-Fifth Avenue district between 30th and 59th streets. The Waldorf-Astoria, on Fifth Avenue, between 33rd and 34th streets, is one of the best known of the first-class hotels. To this group belong such luxurious inns as the Biltmore, Ritz Carlton, Knickerbocker, Vanderbilt, McAlpin, Astor and many others. Among several great family hotels are the Plaza and the Majestic, and a splendid hostelry for women is the Martha Washington, on 29th Street.

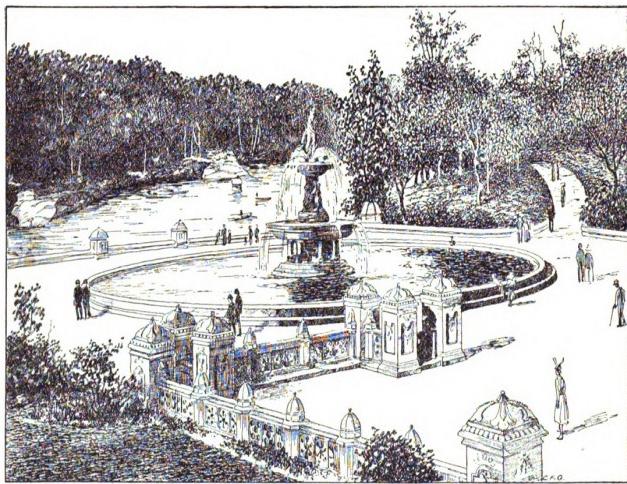
New York is universally looked upon by Americans as the theatrical nucleus of their country, for it is the headquarters and producing center of practically all of the great theatrical men and firms—Shubert Brothers, the Frohman Estate, Ziegfeld, Dillingham, Cohan and Harris, and others. New Yorkers and their visitors may find amusement in about fifty standard theaters, in almost as many vaudeville houses and music halls, and in over 800 moving picture theaters. The chief theatrical district is on or near Broadway, between 38th and 62nd streets, and in this section there are probably more theaters to the square mile than in any other section of equal size in the world. These range in size from the so-called "intimate theaters"—the Little Theater, the Bandbox and the Punch and Judy—to the huge Hippodrome on Sixth Avenue between 44th and 45th streets, the shows for which have to be made to order. In the block bounded by Broadway, Seventh Avenue, 39th and 40th streets is the great Metropolitan Opera House, where world-famous stars of grand opera are heard. Of the music halls, the most notable is the Carnegie, at 57th Street and Seventh Avenue. In this edifice, the main auditorium of which holds 3,000 people, are given the season concerts of various choral and orchestral societies.

There are over 200 clubs in New York, representing politics, art, religion, history, sports,

theatricals, the professions, and other activities. Representative among them are the Union League, the Army and Navy, the Knickerbocker, the Lambs, the Players, the University, the New York Athletic and the New York Yacht. The club homes of many of these organizations are among the city's finest buildings. Churches. The Protestant Episcopalian is the largest of the Protestant bodies, and prominent among the churches of this denomination is the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine, on Morningside Heights, overlooking the Hudson. This magnificent edifice, when completed, will be the largest cathedral in the New World. Trinity Church, the parent church of the denomination, is described elsewhere in this article. Second only to Trinity in point of interest is the Church of the Transfiguration, on 29th Street, near Madison Avenue. Because, many years ago, a certain pastor in the neighborhood refused to read the burial service for an actor, but directed the messenger to apply at the "little church 'round the corner," the Transfiguration has come to be known everywhere as the "Little Church 'round the Corner." Players hold it in special reverence, and it has several beautiful memorial windows to actors. The church is a low building in Gothic style, with vine-covered walls, and is very attractive. An other beautiful Gothic structure of the Episcopal denomination is Grace Church, on Broadway and Tenth. It is one of a group of buildings made of white limestone.

Among the Methodist churches the one of greatest interest is the John Street, for it is built on the site of the first Methodist church Parks. Battery Park, at the southern tip of Manhattan, and several smaller plots of green that freshen the busiest section of the city, have been mentioned in the description of Broadway. Of the larger areas Central Park is the most famous. It stretches along Fifth Avenue for two and one-half miles, from 59th Street on the south to 110th Street on the north, and contains 879 acres. The lawns, flower gardens and wooded areas of this park are among the most beautiful in the world. Among its other attractions are nine miles of

roads, twenty-eight miles of walks and over five miles of bridle paths, an imposing promenade



IN CENTRAL PARK

One of the largest of the world's city parks, with a land value of untold millions of dollars, but possessing still greater value as a recreation ground for the people of the crowded city.

erected in America, and is known as the "cradle of Methodism." Other well-known churches are the Saint Nicholas Dutch Reformed (the oldest Protestant denomination in New York), the Fifth Avenue Baptist, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian, the Broadway Tabernacle (Congregational), All Souls' Unitarian, the Divine Panternity (Universalist), the Holy Trinity (Lutheran), the Jewish Temple Emanuel, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, and Saint Patrick's Cathedral (Roman Catholic). The last named is one of the most ornate cathedrals in America. At 7 East 15th Street is the commodious Y. W. C. A. building; the Y. M. C. A. has its headquarters on 23rd Street west of Seventh Avenue.

—The Mall—a great zoological garden much loved by the children, reservoirs and lakes, playgrounds for boys and girls, picturesque bridges, archways and numerous fine statues. Not the least interesting feature of the park is a stately Egyptian obelisk, one of the famous Needles of Cleopatra (see illustration on page 1417). On the Fifth Avenue side is the Metro

politan Museum of Art, the largest institution of its kind in North America. No park in the world is more accessible to a city's millions than is Central Park, and it is frequently visited in a single day by 100,000 persons.

Brooklyn possesses a park which, though not so large as Central Park, is quite as beautiful. This is a great pleasure ground called Prospect Park. From the summit of its chief elevation, Lookout Hill, one may enjoy a magnificent view over New York Harbor, Long Island, the Palisades and the thickly-settled districts of South Brooklyn, and the park is thus well named. In the Bronx is a park of over 700 acres, famed for its zoological and botanical gardens. The wild animals exhibited in Bronx Park have surroundings that are as nearly as possible like those in their native homes, and the landscape settings for both the menagerie and the plants are exceedingly beautiful.

There are two other large parks outside of Manhattan—Van Cortlandt (1,132 acres), at the northern terminus of the Broadway line of the Interborough Subway; and Pelham Bay Park (1.756 acres), on Long Island Sound near Baychester.

Both have fine golf links, baseball grounds and tennis courts, and Pelham Park has bathing beaches and ample facilities for campers. Bronx, Van Cortlandt and Pelham parks are connected with a boulevard drive. New York residents also have access to a magnificent park along the Palisades of the Hudson. See Palisades, also illustration, in article New York [state]. Among smaller park areas, of special interest are Riverside Park, of which Riverside Drive is a part, and Morningside Park, laid out on rocky heights north of Central Park between 110th and 123rd streets. One of the beautiful edifices of Riverside Park is the tomb of General Grant, an illustration of which appears in these volumes on page 2572. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, at Riverside Drive and 89th Street, is another imposing structure.

Educational Institutions. Two of the largest universities in the United States are located in New York—Columbia, with its main buildings on Morningside Heights, and New York University, the campus of which is on the east bank of the Harlem River, in the Bronx. (Both of these institutions are described elsewhere in these volumes). Two affiliated colleges—Barnard College (for women) and Teachers' College (for men and women)—occupy sites on the Columbia University campus. Another important institution is the College of the City of New York (see New York, College of the City of), at 138th Street and Convent Avenue. Important institutions under denominational control are Union Theological Seminary (Presbyterian), the General Theological Seminary (Protestant Episcopal), the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, and Saint John's College and the College of Saint Francis Xavier, both under Roman Catholic control. Schools of art, music and the professions and private academies are found in numbers commensurate with the city's population. Cooper Union (described in a subhead under Cooper, Peter) is an institution especially for working people.

Libraries and Museums. Housed in one of the finest library buildings in the United States is the great collection of books, manuscripts and art treasures that constitute the New York Public Library. The structure is of white marble and occupies a prominent site on Fifth Avenue between 40th and 42nd streets. In the Bronx, Richmond and Manhattan there are about fifty branch libraries, and these and the central building contain over 2,000,000 volumes. The central library is as well a great museum of rare books and manuscripts, sculptures, paintings and pottery. Another important public library, but one which is maintained by subscription fees, is the Mercantile, at Lafayette Place and Eighth Street. It has over 230,000 volumes. The public also has access to the reference room of Columbia University Library, where 10,000 volumes are available to readers. Various historical, geographical and professional societies have valuable private libraries, and

that of Cooper Union is also important.

The superb buildings and collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art are described in these volumes under that title. At Central Park West and 77th Street is the American Museum of Natural History, with priceless collections representing all phases of natural history. An important feature of this institution is a free lecture system, for which a hall seating 1,500 is provided. The Historical Society also maintains an interesting museum of historic relics and documents.

Transportation. It is not difficult to understand why the problem of intercommunication in New York has taxed the ingenuity of the most skilful engineers. With the great business interests centered in the lower end of Manhattan, bringing daily into the narrow island space thousands and thousands of workers, it was inevitable that street car lines should be built in the air and underground as well as on the surface. There is now in operation an intricate system of surface, elevated and subway lines, and cross-water traffic is carried on by means of bridges, ferries and tunnels. Thus all portions of the huge New York district have convenient facilities for intercommunication. The subway system is the most extensive in the world. Previous to 1913 there were two companies operating the subway lines—the Interborough

Rapid Transit and the Brooklyn

Rapid Transit. In that year contracts were let for the construction of a dual system, whereby all the rapid transit lines (subway and elevated) operated by the two companies were combined into two great systems covering all the boroughs of Greater New York except Richmond. The greater portion of the lines authorized under the dual contracts were in operation during the year 1917, and these and the old lines in existence are linked together into a mammoth network having its nucleus in Manhattan south of 59th Street. The contracts called for the construction of 44.55 miles of new subway, 53.19 miles of new elevated road, and

19.8 miles of additional tracks on the elevated roads already existing. The cost of construction and equipment of the entire system is estimated to be about \$352,000,000.

Another form of local transportation is provided by the Fifth Avenue coach lines. The vehicles are autobusses having seats on top as well as inside, and they afford the visitor a most enjoyable means of seeing the best residential sections, the fashionable shopping districts and the hotel and club centers of Manhattan. The coaches follow one another at brief intervals, and traverse Fifth Avenue, Riverside Drive and other interesting streets and boulevards.

Bridges. The first of the great bridges over the East River was completed in 1883 (see Brooklyn Bridge), and at the time it was considered the finest suspension bridge in the world. It connects City Hall Park, in Manhattan, with Sands Street, Brooklyn. Since the completion of the Brooklyn Bridge several other mammoth passageways have been built across the East River—the Queensboro, a cantilever structure stretching from East 59th Street and Second Avenue, Manhattan, across Blackwell's Island to Jane Street, Long Island City; the Williamsburgh, from Clinton and Delancy streets, Manhattan, to Havemeyer Street and Broadway, Brooklyn ; the Manhattan (see illustration, page 922), between the Bowery and Canal Street, Manhattan, and Nassau and Bridge streets, Brooklyn. Both the Williamsburgh and the Manhattan bridges are of the suspension type (see Bkide). The most remarkable and latest feat in bridge building, however, was the construction of an immense railroad bridge over the channel known as Hell Gate (see illustration on page 2764.) This gigantic structure, which was opened for traffic in January, 1917, extends from East 141st Street, the Bronx, across Randall's and Ward's islands to Astoria, Long Island. It was designed to connect the Pennsylvania and the New York, New Haven & Hartford systems, so that through passengers could proceed on transcontinental journeys

without changing cars. It is the heaviest bridge in the world, and cost \$25,000,000, including approaches.

Several fine bridges also span the Harlem River, notably the Washington, a massive cantilever structure connecting Manhattan and the Bronx, and High Bridge, which carries the old Croton Aqueduct (see Aqueduct). Tunnels. The construction of the various tunnel systems under the Hudson and the East rivers has immeasurably improved both the local and the general railway service. Though ferries still operate from Manhattan to Brooklyn and to Long Island City, and between Manhattan and Staten Island and various New Jersey points, they are being gradually replaced by the more convenient tunnels. The first tunnels in New York, opened for traffic in 1908, were constructed by the Hudson & Manhattan Company to provide transportation between Manhattan and Jersey City. At the present time this company operates two single-track tubes (the north tunnels) under the Hudson from Jersey City to Martin Street; up-town tunnels connecting with the north tunnels and extending to Sixth Avenue and 33rd Street; the south tunnels, consisting of two tubes which extend under the Hudson from Jersey City to the company's magnificent Terminal buildings at Cortlandt, Church and Fulton streets; and two single-track tubes extending from the Hoboken terminal of the Lackawanna Railroad to Washington Street, Jersey City, with connections to the north and south tunnels and the Pennsylvania Station. The Pennsylvania Company operates two tubes under the Hudson and four under the East River, and cross-town tunnels from the Pennsylvania Station across Manhattan under 32nd and 33rd streets to First Avenue. There is a two-tube system connecting the Manhattan and Brooklyn subways, extending under the East River from the Battery to Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, and another subway connects Brooklyn and Coney Island, at the southwestern end of Long Island. What is known as the Belmont Tunnel is operated by the New York & Long Island Railroad and

runs under the East River from 42nd Street, Manhattan, to Long Island City. Several new tunnels under the East River are also being constructed in connection with the subway extension.

Railway Lines. All of the roads approaching New York from west of the Hudson except the Pennsylvania system have terminal stations in New Jersey, and their passengers continue the trip to Manhattan by ferry boat or by trains which run through the river tunnels. These roads are the Erie, the West Shore, the New York, Ontario & Western, the Lackawanna, the Philadelphia & Reading, the Lehigh Valley, the Central of New Jersey and the Baltimore & Ohio. The main station of the Pennsylvania Company, used by several systems and occupying two entire blocks in Manhattan (Seventh Avenue, 32nd, 33rd streets), is a structure of magnificent proportions, second only to the Grand Central. Trains from the west approach it by way of twin tubes which extend through Bergen Hill in New Jersey, pass under the Hudson River and then beneath the streets of New York City. The New York Central & Hudson River, the New York & Harlem River and the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroads all approach New York from the north and make use of the Grand Central Terminal at Park Avenue and 42nd Street. This station, too, is an example of noble and impressive architecture. No steam locomotives are permitted on Manhattan Island, and trains coming into the island are propelled by electric power.

Commerce. New York is one of the great trade centers of the world, both for domestic and for foreign commerce. Its supremacy as a commercial center was assured in 1825 with the completion of the Erie Canal, now a part of the New York State Barge Canal (which see). The year before the outbreak of the War of the Nations forty-seven per cent of the total foreign trade of the United States passed through the port of New York (which includes all the municipalities on the Hudson and on New York

Harbor), and in normal years it imports practically all of the silk goods and furs sent into the country, and the greater part of the cotton and linen manufactures, jewelry, gems, chemicals, coffee and cocoa. Over 4,000 vessels engaged in foreign trade clear the port each year in times of peace, and the volume of coastwise trade is even heavier.

There are ample facilities for taking care of shipping. Ocean vessels approach the harbor from the southeast through the recently completed Ambrose Channel off Sandy Hook, and from the northeast through Long Island Sound and the East River. Obstructions in the Hell Gate channel (see Hell Gate) were removed many years ago by blasting. All approaches to the harbor are well guarded, the principal fortifications including Fort Hancock on Sandy Hook, the forts at the Narrows (on Long Island and Staten Island), and fortifications on Governor's Island, south of Manhattan. Greater New York has a total water front of 341.22 miles. On the west side of Manhattan Island there is practically a solid line of docks and piers extending about four miles.

Manufactures. New York is by far the most important manufacturing city in the United States, and a detailed discussion of its various industries would in itself fill a volume. There is hardly an article used in everyday life or in business that is not made in this city. Its most extensive line of manufacture is men's and women's clothing; some idea of the magnitude of this industry may be gained from the statement that the clothing produced has a value in excess of that of all the products of any other American city, with two exceptions. An other industry in which New York far outranks any other American city is the printing and publishing business. Many of the industrial firms having office headquarters in Manhattan operate their factories in the outlying towns of the state and in New Jersey and Connecticut; within a radius of fifty miles there are more than 25,000 manufacturing enterprises.

*EARLIEST KNOWN VIEW OF NEW YORK
Joost Hartger's view of Nieuw Amsterdam ;*



from a book printed In Amsterdam in 1651.

Government. Greater New York is governed by a charter which went into effect on January 1, 1898, and was amended in 1901. Executive power is vested in the mayor and the heads, or presidents of the boroughs, all of whom are elected for four-year terms. The mayor has extensive powers of appointment and removal, he is chairman of the board of estimate and apportionment, which alone can grant franchises, and he has complete veto power over such grants. The borough presidents preside over local boards, have control of such matters as street paving and grading, sewers and public baths, and each one has the power of appointment and removal of the superintendent of the borough bureau of buildings. The board of aldermen, consisting of seventy-three members, is elected for two years; each alderman is elected by a separate district, but the president of the board is elected by the city as a whole. Laws may be passed over the mayor's veto by a two-thirds vote, except in case of payments of money, when a three-fourths vote is required. The city has seventeen administrative departments, and an annual budget in excess of that of any other city in the world. The mayor receives a yearly salary of \$15,000.

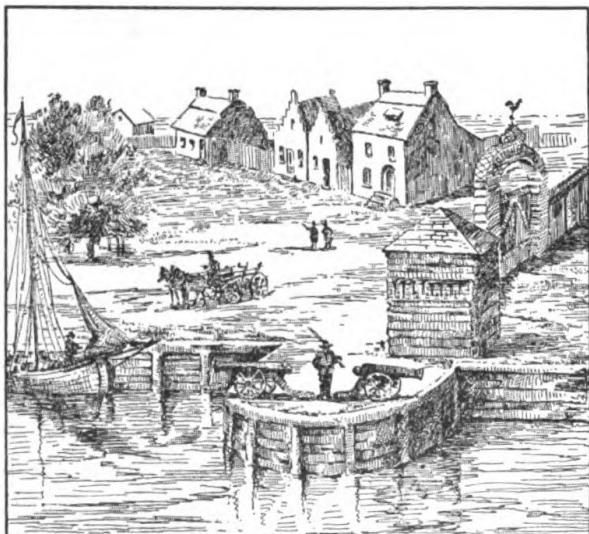
History. The region about New York City was visited in 1524 by the Italian navigator

Verrazano, and in the following year a Spanish vessel commanded by Gomez sailed into the bay. The real history of the city, however, begins with the expeditions of Henry Hudson (which see), who explored the harbor and river in 1609, while in the service of the Dutch East India Company. It was not long before the Dutch began to make permanent settlements, and in 1614 Fort Manhattan was built by a trading company on the site now occupied by the Custom House. New York City thus began at the foot of Broadway. A second company, the West India, was chartered in 1621. Five years later, Peter Minuit, who had been appointed governor by the company, bought all of Manhattan Island from the Indians for goods valued then at 824. Fort Manhattan was torn down to make room for Fort Amsterdam, and within the latter was erected the first church building on the island. The settlement, which had a population of less than 200, was called New Amsterdam. By 1653 its population had increased to 800, and in that year it was incorporated as a city.

New Amsterdam passed under the control of the English in 1664, and received the name New York. Though the Dutch regained it in 1673 and named it New Orange, it was recovered by the English the following year, Sir Edmund Andros (which see) becoming governor. From this time on the town was known as New York, and it grew steadily in population and importance. The first city charter under the English was issued in 1686. Seven years later the first printing press was set up, in 1696 the original Trinity Church was built, in 1700 the first library was opened, and in 1703 the first free school began its sessions. The Gazette, the first newspaper of a city that now publishes several hundred, began to circulate in 1725. A fire department was organized in 1731, and a year later stage service was established between New York and Boston.

Throughout the stormy period before and during the Revolutionary War, New York stood loyally for the colonial cause. Here, in 1765, was held the Stamp Act Congress (see Stamp

Act). During the war, from 1776 to 1783, the city was occupied by British troops, and a large part of it was destroyed by fire in 1776. After the national government was organized Congress held its sessions in New York from 1785 to 1790 (see Capitals of the United States), meeting in the old Federal Hall whose site is now occupied by the Subtreasury. When the first Federal census was taken (1790) the city had a population of 33,131, and its limits extended northward to the present southern boundary of City Hall Park. Some of the great milestones in its history since that time have been the opening of steamboat service between the city and Albany (1807); the completion of the Erie Canal (1825); a great fire of 1835; the



IN 1674
Blockhouse and city gate, now the foot of Wall Street.

completion of the old Croton Aqueduct (1842); the rule of the Tweed Ring (broken in 1871); the opening of Brooklyn Bridge (1883); the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty (1886); and the organization of Greater New York (1898). t.e.f. Books Relating to the City. An accurate and interesting picture of the life of the poorer classes in New York has been presented by Jacob A. Riis in his *How the Other Half Lives* and *Battle with the Slum*; other descriptive books include Hemstreet's *Nooks and Comers of Old New York*, Jenkins' *Greatest Street in the World and*

Van Dyke's *New New York*. Henschel's *Municipal Consolidation: Historical Sketch of Greater New York* is a standard work on the city's government. For its history consult Colton's *Annals of Old Manhattan*; Earle's *Colonial Days in Old New York*; Hemstreet's *The Story of Manhattan* and Wilson's *New York, Old and New*. A classic is Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. College of the Citt of, a free college for men, maintained by the city of New York. It was established by the board of education upon the vote of the city, in 1848, as the Free Academy. The purpose was to make it possible for ambitious students without funds to receive college training. In 1866 the school was raised to collegiate rank and became the College of the City of New York. High academic standards are maintained. Seven years of instruction are offered; three are preparatory and four are collegiate. The preparatory courses are the same as those given in the city high schools. There are no professional or graduate courses. Tuition, textbooks and apparatus are free. Students must take prescribed courses until they have completed the sophomore year.

In Townsend Harris Hall, the preparatory department of the college, is conducted a night school, largely attended by boys and men who have been unable to complete their high school work in the day schools. The teachers of the city may also complete courses at the college, which relieves them of taking certain examinations given by the city board of education. In 1908 the college was moved to its present location on University Heights. The magnificent buildings and equipment there were furnished by the city at a cost of \$5,000,000. The annual expenses are covered by an appropriation of approximately \$600,000, supplied by the city. The faculty consists of about 225 members. There are over 8,460 students enroled, including those in the preparatory department and in the evening schools. The library contains nearly 62,660 volumes.

NEW YORK, University of the State of, a state department of public education in New York. It includes all schools under the control of the board of regents, the members of which are a governing and examining body for the secondary, higher and professional school system of the state. This system is explained in the article New York, subhead Education.

*NEW YORK STATE BARGE CANAL
CANADA
(a, a) Erie Canal
MAP OF NEW YORK STATE BAKGE CANAL*



(6) *Champlain Canal; (c) Oswego Canal; (d) Cayuga and Seneca Canal.*

(7) *NEW YORK STATE BARGE CANAL, a sys*

tem of waterways resulting from the improvement and enlargement of four canals in operation in the state of New York—the Erie, the Champlain, the Oswego and the Cayuga and Seneca canals. After the close of the War of Secession the state canals began to feel the effects of the rapid development of the railroad systems; their business declined, and for a long time public interest in artificial waterways was at a low ebb. There were, however, enough advocates of canal improvement in the state

to make their influence felt, and the matter of enlarging and improving the waterways was considered in the legislative session of 1S91. The following year a commission was appointed which reported in favor of the project, and in 1895 bonds were issued to cover the estimated expense of \$9,000,000.

It was decided to deepen the Erie and Oswego canals to nine feet, and the Champlain to seven feet; the work was expected to increase the capacity of boats one-third. The improvements actually made, however, fell so far short of what was necessary to create an efficient waterway system that the whole subject was thoroughly canvassed by a commission of experts. As a result a bond issue of \$101,000,000 was authorized by the legislature and ratified (November, 1903) by popular vote, and a comprehensive scheme of improvement agreed upon. Details of Construction. This plan provided for 446 miles of improvement or new construction, and the canalization of 350 miles of lakes and connecting rivers; the total length, therefore, of the system known as the Barge Canal is 796 miles. Work was begun in 1907 and the entire canal was completed and ready for operation in 1917. Of the four waterways which form the basis of the system the Erie Canal (which see), connecting Buffalo, on Lake Erie, with Troy and Albany on the Hudson River, is the longest, with a total length of 339 miles. The Champlain Canal, between Whitehall on Lake Champlain, and Watervliet, near Troy, is sixty-one miles long. Next in length is the Oswego, between Oswego on Lake Ontario, and Syracuse on the old Erie Canal. It is twentythree miles long. Finally, there is the Cayuga and Seneca Canal, twenty-three miles in length, extending from Montezuma, on the Seneca River and the Erie Canal, to lakes Cayuga and Seneca. The relative position of these branches of the Barge Canal is shown in the accompanying illustration. Nearly half the area of New York State is within twenty miles of the waterways.

The channel of the Barge Canal is at no place less than twelve feet deep; in earth sections

of the land line it is 125 feet wide and in rock cuts ninety-four feet wide. Wherever possible it follows natural watercourses, and in the beds of rivers and lakes is 200 feet wide. There are thirty-five locks on the Erie branch, eleven on the Champlain, seven on the Oswego and four on the Cayuga and Seneca. These locks, which are built entirely of concrete, have a standard length of 328 feet, a width of forty-five feet, and can admit boats having a tonnage of from 1,500 to 3,000. Two boats of about 1,500 tons each can be locked at one time, or can pass each other at any point along the canal. There are forty dams in connection with the system, those at Delta and Hinckley forming huge reservoirs. The former has a capacity of nearly 2,750,000,000 cubic feet, and the latter of about 3,500,000,000. Vischer's Ferry Dam, which is nearly 2,000 feet long, raises the water level in the Mohawk River, and near Schenectady movable dams have been constructed, which can be raised and lowered to regulate the height of water.

Commercial Importance. The original estimated cost of \$101,000,000 was exceeded by \$49,000,000, but there is abundant promise that the vast expenditures for this great public work will be entirely justified. With its present facilities it can easily become a powerful asset to the commerce of the country. For years past millions of bushels of grain from the wheat fields of the Northwest have been carried over the Great Lakes through Canadian canals and rivers to Montreal, and from there shipped to Liverpool. The completion of the Barge Canal will undoubtedly place in the hands of American shippers that part of the carrying trade which naturally belongs to the United States. Moreover, vessels carrying over 30,000 bushels of grain, and operated in fleets, are able to reduce the time required to transport grain by water from Buffalo to New York at least fifty per cent, with a proportionate decrease in charges. It is estimated that it costs the canal management only twenty-six cents to transfer

a ton of freight from one of these cities to the other, and it is expected that the canal system will eventually have an annual capacity of twenty million tons. The construction of the Barge Canal is considered the beginning of a new chapter in the economic development of America. See *Canal. t.e.f.*

Consult Hepburn's *Artificial Waterways of the World*.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, one of the largest and most important coeducational universities in the United States, located in New York City. It was founded in 1831 through the influence and efforts of a group of prominent New York men. The original purpose and policy of the institution was to bring the broadest education possible within reach of all the people. For this reason the various departments are not all on one campus.

(1) At University Heights, In upper New York, are the college of arts and pure science, the school

of applied science and the summer school. One of the most interesting in this group of fourteen buildings is the Memorial Library, in which is the Hall of Fame (which see).

(2) Downtown, in the great University building at Washington Square, are the graduate school, the school of pedagogy, the school of commerce, accounts and finances, the Washington Square collegiate division and the women's law class.

(3) In 1895 the medical school of the university was united with the Bellevue Hospital College, at First Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street.

(4) The New York American Veterinary College is located at 141 West Fifty-fourth Street. Besides, there are university courses given in various places which are designed to be of special benefit to people who cannot take the work within the university walls.

The tuition is about \$125, except in the medical college, in which it is \$200. In the various libraries of the university there are 115,000 volumes. There are about 450 instructors and over 6,500 students.

- (An Outline xultnhle for New York will be found with the article "City.")
 - What does the name of Wall Street immediately suggest? Fifth Avenue?
 - Where is Castle Garden? What important events have taken place there? What would you find there to-day?
 - Where are the Palisades? Describe them. What memorial to a great man is to be found in Riverside Park?
 - What enterprise assured the supremacy of New York as a commercial center?
 - Which is heavier, the coastwise or the foreign trade? How much?
 - In what sense can New York be called the largest city in the world?
 - On an average, how many immigrants enter New York each day in normal times?
 - What is the "Great White Way?"
 - What were the original geographical limits of the city? How does Greater New York differ from this earlier city?
 - How many islands are included in the city? Name them. Tell for what at least two of them are famous.
 - How is the harbor of the city guarded? Describe the most conspicuous object to be seen in the harbor bay.
 - Why is the arrangement of streets on lower Manhattan Island so irregular and confused?
 - What is the Bowery? How has its character changed? What class of people makes up the greater part of its population?
 - What famous church is at the very commercial center of the city? Name some great Americans who are buried in its cemetery.
 - For what is the Jumel mansion famous? How long has it been in existence?
 - What well-known poem is connected with it? .
 - What is the highest building in the world?
 - Describe New York's gigantic clock. Where is the "Bridge of Sighs?"
 - What is the "cradle of Methodism," and why is it so called?
 - Describe the city's most famous park. What are Cleopatra's Needles? About how old are they? How long has New York possessed one?
 - Name two important universities which are located in the city. For what class of people was Cooper Union founded?
 - Why has the transportation problem of New York been a particularly difficult one? How has it been solved?
 - Of what type was the first great bridge over the East River? What are the peculiar features of this type?
 - What is Hell Gate, and why is it so called? What has been done to make the name less applicable?
 - Where are the terminals of almost all the great railroads which enter New York from the West?
 - Why are no soot and smoke from locomotives observable on Manhattan Island?
 - What sweeping statement may be made about the scope of New York's manufactures?
 - What assistants has the mayor in the discharge of his executive duties?
 - To how many nations has the territory on which New York is situated belonged?
 - How large an area of what is now the most valuable real estate in the world was bought for twenty-four dollars?
-

SELECTED NEW YORK LITERATURE

THE DIVISION OF THE SARANACS

In the middle of the last century a large body of Saranac Indians occupied the forests of the Upper Saranac through which ran the Indian carrying-place, called by them the Eagle Nest Trail. Whenever they raided the Tahawi on the slopes of Mount Tahawus (Sky-splitter), there was a pleasing rivalry between two young athletes, called the Wolf and the Eagle, as to which would carry off the more scalps, and the tribe was divided in admiration of them. There was one who did not share this liking: an old sachem, one of the wizards who had escaped when the Great Spirit locked these workers of evil in the hollow trees that stood beside the trail. In their struggles to escape the less fortunate ones thrust their arms through the closing bark, and they are seen there, as withered trunks and branches, to this day. Oquarah had not been softened by this exhibition of danger nor the qualification of mercy that allowed him still to exist. Rather he was more bitter when he saw, as he fancied, that the tribe thought more of the daring and powerful warriors than it did of the bent and malignant-minded counsellor.

It was in the moon of green leaves that the two young men set off to hunt the moose, and on the next day the Wolf returned alone. He explained that in the hunt they had been separated; he had called for hours for his friend, and had searched so long that he concluded he must have returned ahead of him. But he was not at the camp. Up rose the sachem with visage dark. "I hear a forked tongue," he cried. "The Wolf was jealous of the Eagle and his teeth have cut into his heart."

"The Wolf cannot lie," answered the young man.

"Where is the Eagle?" angrily shouted the sachem, clutching his hatchet.

"The Wolf has said," replied the other.

The old sachem advanced upon him, but as he raised his axe to strike, the wife of the Wolf threw herself before her husband, and the steel sank into her brain. The sachem fell an instant later with the Wolf's knife in his heart, and instantly the camp was in turmoil. Before the day had passed it had been broken up, and the people were divided into factions, for it was no longer possible to hold it together in peace. The Wolf, with half of the people, went down the Sounding River to new hunting-grounds, and the earth that separated the families was reddened whenever one side met the other.

Years had passed when, one morning, the upper tribe saw a canoe advancing across the Lake of the Silver Sky. An old man stepped from it: he was the Eagle. After the Wolf had left him he had fallen into a cleft in a rock,

and had lain helpless until found by hunters who were on their way to Canada. He had joined the British against the French, had married a northern squaw, but had returned to die among the people of his early love. Deep was his sorrow that his friend should have been accused of doing him an injury, and that the once happy tribe should have been divided by that allegation. The warriors and sachems of both branches were summoned to a council, and in his presence they swore a peace, so that in the fulness of time he was able to die content. That peace was always kept.

MISS BRITTON'S POKER

The maids of Staten Island wrought havoc among the royal troops who were quartered among them during the Revolution. Near quarantine, in an old house,—the Austen mansion,—a soldier of King George hanged himself because a Yankee maid who lived there would not have him for a husband, nor any gentleman whose coat was of his color; and, until ghosts went out of fashion, his spirit, in somewhat heavy boots, with jingling spurs, often disturbed the nightly quiet of the place.

The conduct of a damsel in the old town of Richmond was even more stern. She was the granddaughter, and a pretty one, of a farmer named Britton; but though Britton by descent and name, she was no friend of Britons, albeit she might have had half the officers in the neighboring camp at her feet, if she had wished them there. Once, while mulling a cup of cider for her grandfather, she was interrupted by a self-invited myrmidon, who undertook, in a fashion rude and unexpected, to show the love in which he held her. Before he could kiss her, the girl drew the hot poker from the mug of drink and jabbed at the vitals of her amorous foe, burning a hole through his scarlet uniform and printing on his burly person a lasting memento of the adventure. With a howl of pain the fellow rushed away, and the privacy of the Britton family was never again invaded, at least whilst cider was being mulled.

THE SPRINGS OF BLOOD AND WATER

A great drought had fallen on Long Island, and the red men prayed for water. It is true that they could get it at Lake Ronkonkoma, but some of them were many miles from there, and, beside, they feared the spirits at that place: the girl who plied its waters in a phosphor-shining birch, seeking her recreant lover; and the powerful guardians that the Great Spirit had put in charge to keep the fish from being caught, for these fish were the souls of men, awaiting deliverance into another form. The people gathered about their villages in bands and besought the Great Spirit to give them drink. His voice was heard at last, bidding their chief to shoot an arrow into the air and to watch where it fell, for there would water gush out. The chief obeyed the deity, and as the arrow touched the earth a spring of sweet water spouted into the air. Running forward with glad cries the red men drank eagerly of the liquor, laved

their faces in it, and were made strong again; and in memory of that event they called the place the Hill of God, or Manitou Hill, and Manet or Manetta Hill it is to this day. Hereabouts the Indians settled and lived in peace, thriving under the smile of their deity, making wampum for the inland tribes and waxing rich with gains from it. They made the canal from bay to sea at Canoe Place, that they might reach open water without dragging their boats across the sand-bars, and in other ways they proved themselves ingenious and strong.

When the English landed on the island they saw that the Indians were not a people to be trifled with, and in order to properly impress them with their superiority, they told them that John Bull desired a treaty with them. The officers got them to sit in line in front of a cannon, the nature of which instrument was unknown to them, and during the talk the gun was fired, mowing down so many of the red people that the survivors took to flight, leaving the English masters at the north shore, for this heartless and needless massacre took place at Whale's Neck. So angry was the Great Spirit at this act of cruelty and treachery that he caused blood to ooze from the soil, as he had made water leap for his thirsting children, and never again would grass grow on the spot where the murder had been done.

All from The Project Gutenberg EBook of
Myths And Legends Of Our Own Land, Complete
by Charles M. Skinner

CHANONETTE.

By C. F. Hoffman.

They are mockery all, those skies! those skies!

 Their untroubled depths of blue;

They are mockery all, these eyes! these eyes!

 Which seem so warm and true;

Each quiet star in the one that lies,

Each meteor glance that at random flies

 The other's lashes through.

They are mockery all, these flowers of Spring,

 Which her airs so softly woo;

And the love to which we would madly cling,

 Ay! it is mockery too.

For the winds are false which the perfume stir,

 And the lips deceive to which we sue,

And love but leads to the sepulchre;

 Which flowers spring to strew.

THE CLOUDS.

By Jonathan Lawrence, Jun.

The clouds have their own language unto me
They have told many a tale in by-gone days,
At twilight's hour, when gentle reverie
Steals o'er the heart, as tread the elfish fays
With their fleet footsteps on the moonlit grass,
And leave their storied circles where they pass.

So, even so, to me the embracing clouds,
With their pure thoughts leave holy traces here;
And from the tempest-gathered fold that shrouds
The darkening earth, unto the blue, and clear,
And sunny brightness of yon arching sky,
They have their language and their melody.

Have you not felt it when the dropping rain
From the soft showers of Spring hath clothed the earth
With its unnumbered offspring? felt not when
The conquering sun hath proudly struggled forth
In misty radiance, until cloud and spot
Were blended in one brightness? Can you not

Look out and love when the departing sun
Enrobes their peaks in shapes fantastical
In his last splendour, and reflects upon
Their skirts his farewell smile ere shadows fall
Above his burial, like our boyhood's gleams
Of fading light, or like the "stuff of dreams?"

Or giving back those tints indefinite,
Yet brightly blending, there to form that arch
Whereon the angel-spirits of the light
Marshalled their joyous and triumphant march,
When sank the whelming waters, and again
Left the green islands to the sons of men?

Oh, then as rose each lofty pile, and threw
Its growing shadow on the sinking tide,
How glowed each peak with the resplendent hue,
As its new lustre told that wrath had died,
Till the blue waves within their limits curled,
And that broad bow in beauty spanned the world.

Gaze yet again, and you may see on high
The opposing hosts that mutter as they form
Their stern battalions, ere the artillery

Bids the destroying angel guide its storm;
If you have heard on battle's eve the low
Defiance quickly uttered to the foe,

When the firm ranks gaze fiercely brow on brow
And eye on eye, while every heart beats fast
With hopes and fears, all feel, but none avow,
Pulsations which perchance may be their last,
Whom the unhonoured sepulchre shall shroud;
If you have seen this, gaze upon that cloud.

How from the bosom of its blackness springs
The cleaving lightning kindling on its way,
Flinging such blinding glory from its wings,
That he who looks grows drunk with its array
Of power and beauty, till his eye is dim,
And dazzling darkness overshadows him.

Oh, God! can he conceive who hath not known
The wondrous workings of thy firmament,
Thine untold majesty, around whose throne
They stand, thy winged messengers, or sent
In light or darkness on their destined path,
Bestow thy blessings or direct thy wrath.

Then here, in this thy lower temple, here
We kneel to thee in worship; what to these
Symbols of thine, wherein thou dost appear
Are painted domes or priestly palaces;
On this green turf, and gazing on yon sphere,
We call on thee to commune and to bless,
And see in holy fancy each pure sigh
Ascend like incense to thy throne on high.

THE ISLE OF REST.

By Mrs. E. F. Ellet.

*Some of the islands where the fancied paradise
of the Indians was situated, were believed to be
in Lake Superior.*

That blessed isle lies far away--
'Tis many a weary league from land,
Where billows in their golden play
Dash on its sparkling sand.
No tempest's wrath, or stormy waters' roar,
Disturb the echoes of that peaceful shore.

There the light breezes lie at rest,
Soft pillow'd on the glassy deep;
Pale cliffs look on the waters' breast,
And watch their silent sleep.

There the wild swan with plumed and glossy wing
Sits lone and still beside the bubbling spring.

And far within, in murmurs heard,
Comes, with the wind's low whispers there,
The music of the mounting bird,
Skimming the clear bright air.

The sportive brook, with free and silvery tide,
Comes wildly dancing from the green hill side.

The sun there sheds his noontide beam
On oak-crowned hill and leafy bowers;
And gaily by the shaded stream
Spring forth the forest flowers.

The fountain flings aloft its showery spray,
With rainbows decked, that mock the hues of day.

And when the dewy morning breaks,
A thousand tones of rapture swell;
A thrill of life and motion wakes
Through hill, and plain, and dell.
The wild bird trills his song--and from the wood
The red deer bounds to drink beside the flood.

There, when the sun sets on the sea,
And gilds the forest's waving crown,
Strains of immortal harmony
To those sweet shades come down.
Bright and mysterious forms that green shore throng,
And pour in evening's ear their charmed song.

E'en on this cold and cheerless shore,
While all is dark and quiet near,
The huntsman, when his toils are o'er,
That melody may hear.
And see, faint gleaming o'er the waters' foam,
The glories of that isle, his future home.



Whitman in 1848

SPONTANEOUS ME

by Walt Whitman

from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Leaves of Grass*

Spontaneous me, Nature,
The loving day, the mounting sun, the friend I am happy with,
The arm of my friend hanging idly over my shoulder,
The hillside whiten'd with blossoms of the mountain ash,
The same late in autumn, the hues of red, yellow, drab, purple, and
light and dark green,
The rich coverlet of the grass, animals and birds, the private
untrimm'd bank, the primitive apples, the pebble-stones,
Beautiful dripping fragments, the negligent list of one after
another as I happen to call them to me or think of them,
The real poems, (what we call poems being merely pictures,)
The poems of the privacy of the night, and of men like me,
This poem drooping shy and unseen that I always carry, and that all
men carry,
(Know once for all, avow'd on purpose, wherever are men like me, are
our lusty lurking masculine poems,)
Love-thoughts, love-juice, love-odor, love-yielding, love-climbers,
and the climbing sap,
Arms and hands of love, lips of love, phallic thumb of love, breasts
of love, bellies press'd and glued together with love,
Earth of chaste love, life that is only life after love,
The body of my love, the body of the woman I love, the body of the
man, the body of the earth,
Soft forenoon airs that blow from the south-west,

The hairy wild-bee that murmurs and hankers up and down, that gripes the full-grown lady-flower, curves upon her with amorous firm legs, takes his will of her, and holds himself tremulous and tight till he is satisfied;

The wet of woods through the early hours,
Two sleepers at night lying close together as they sleep, one with an arm slanting down across and below the waist of the other,
The smell of apples, aromas from crush'd sage-plant, mint, birch-bark,
The boy's longings, the glow and pressure as he confides to me what he was dreaming,

The dead leaf whirling its spiral whirl and falling still and content to the ground,

The no-form'd stings that sights, people, objects, sting me with,
The hubb'd sting of myself, stinging me as much as it ever can any one,

The sensitive, orbic, underlapp'd brothers, that only privileged feelers may be intimate where they are,

The curious roamer the hand roaming all over the body, the bashful withdrawing of flesh where the fingers soothingly pause and edge themselves,

The limpid liquid within the young man,

The vex'd corrosion so pensive and so painful,

The torment, the irritable tide that will not be at rest,

The like of the same I feel, the like of the same in others,

The young man that flushes and flushes, and the young woman that flushes and flushes,

The young man that wakes deep at night, the hot hand seeking to repress what would master him,

The mystic amorous night, the strange half-welcome pangs, visions, sweats,

The pulse pounding through palms and trembling encircling fingers, the young man all color'd, red, ashamed, angry;

The souse upon me of my lover the sea, as I lie willing and naked,

The merriment of the twin babes that crawl over the grass in the sun, the mother never turning her vigilant eyes from them,

The walnut-trunk, the walnut-husks, and the ripening or ripen'd long-round walnuts,

The continence of vegetables, birds, animals,

The consequent meanness of me should I skulk or find myself indecent, while birds and animals never once skulk or find themselves indecent,

The great chastity of paternity, to match the great chastity of maternity,

The oath of procreation I have sworn, my Adamic and fresh daughters,

The greed that eats me day and night with hungry gnaw, till I saturate what shall produce boys to fill my place when I am through,

The wholesome relief, repose, content,

And this bunch pluck'd at random from myself,

It has done its work--I toss it carelessly to fall where it may.

LIBERTY LIGHTING THE WORLD

by John Boyle O'Reilly

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The American Spirit in the Writings of Americans of Foreign Birth*, by Various

Majestic warder by the nation's gate,
Spike-crowned, flame-armed like Agony or Glory,
Holding the tablets of some unknown law,
With gesture eloquent and mute as Fate,--
We stand about thy feet in solemn awe,
Like desert-tribes who seek their sphinx's story,
And question thee in spirit and in speech;
What art thou? Whence? What comest thou to teach?
What vision hold those introverted eyes
Of revolutions framed in centuries?
Thy flame--what threat, or guide for sacred way?
Thy tablet--what commandment? What Sinai?
Lo! as the waves make murmur at thy base,
We watch the somber grandeur of thy face,
And ask thee--what thou art.

I am Liberty--God's daughter!
My symbols--a law and a torch;
Not a sword to threaten slaughter,
Nor a flame to dazzle or scorch;
But a light that the world may see
And a truth that shall make men free.

I am the sister of Duty,
And I am the sister of Faith;
To-day adored for my beauty,
To-morrow led forth to death.
I am she whom ages prayed for;
Heroes suffered undismayed for;
Whom the martyrs were betrayed for!

I am Liberty! Fame of nation or praise of statute is naught to me:
Freedom is growth and not creation: one man suffers, one man is free.
One brain forges a constitution; but how shall the million souls be
won?
Freedom is more than a resolution--he is not free who is free alone.

Justice is mine, and it grows by loving, changing the world like the
circling sun;
Evil recedes from the spirit's proving as mist from the hollows when

night is done.

Hither, ye blind, from your futile banding; know the rights and the
rights are won;

Wrong shall die with the understanding--one truth clear and the work
is done.

Nature is higher than Progress or Knowledge, whose need is ninety
enslaved for ten;

My word shall stand against mart and college; _The planet belongs to
its living men!_

And hither, ye weary ones and breathless, searching the seas for a
kindly shore,

I am Liberty! patient, deathless--set by love at the nation's door.

POWER AND HORSE-POWER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Just Around the Corner*, by Fannie Hurst

In the Knockerbeck Hotel there are various parlors; Pompeian rooms lined in marble and pillared in chaste fluted columns; Louis Quinze corners, gold-leafed and pink-brocaded, principally furnished with a spindly-legged Vernis-Martin cabinet and a large French clock in the form of a celestial sphere surmounted by a gold cupid.

There are high-ceilinged rendezvous rooms, with six arm and two straight chairs chased after the manner of Gouthière, and a series of small inlaid writing-desks, generously equipped for an avidious public to whom the crest-embossed stationery of a four-dollar-a-day-up hotel suggests long-forgotten friends back home.

Just off the lobby is the Oriental room, thick with arabesque hangings and incense and distinguished by the famous pair of Chinese famille rose mandarin jars, fifty-three inches high and enameled with Hoho birds and flowers. In careful contrast the adjoining room, a Colonial parlor paneled in black walnut and designed by a notorious architect, is ten degrees lower in temperature and lighted by large rectangular windows, through whose leaded panes a checkered patch of sunshine filters across the floor for half an hour each forenoon.

Then there is the manicure parlor, done in white tile, and stationary wash-stands by the Herman Casky Hygienic Company, Eighth Avenue.

The oracle of this particular Delphi was Miss Gertrude Sprunt, white-shirtwaisted, smooth-haired, and cool-fingered. Miss Sprunt could tell, almost as soon as you stepped out of the elevator opposite the parlors, the shortest cut to your hand and heart; she could glance at a pair of cuffs and give the finger-nails a correspondingly high or domestic finish, and could cater to the manicurial whims of Fifth Avenue and Four Corners alike. After one digital treat at her clever hands you enlisted as one of Miss Sprunt's regulars.

This fact was not lost upon her sister worker, Miss Ethyl Mooney. "Say, Gertie"--Miss Mooney tied a perky little apron about her trim waist and patted a bow into place--"is there ever a mornin' that you ain't booked clear through the day?"

Miss Sprunt hung her flat sailor hat and blue jacket behind the door, placed her hands on her hips, glanced down the length of her svelte figure, yawned, and patted her mouth with her hand.

"Not so you could notice it," she replied, in gapey tones. "I'm booked from nine to quitting just six days of the week; and, believe me, it's not like taking the rest cure."

"I guess if I was a jollier like you, Gert, I'd have a waitin'-list, too, I wish I could get on to your system."

"Maybe I give tradin'-stamps," observed Miss Sprunt, flippantly.

"You give 'em some sort of laughing-gas; but me, I'm of a retiring disposition, and I never could force myself on nobody."

Miss Gertrude flecked at herself with a whisk-broom.

"Don't feel bad about it, Ethyl; just keep on trying."

Miss Ethyl flushed angrily.

"Smarty!" she said.

"I wasn't trying to be nasty, Ethyl--you're welcome to an appointment every twenty minutes so far as I'm concerned."

Miss Ethyl appeared appeased.

"You know yourself, Gert, you gotta way about you. A dollar tip ain't nothin' for you. But look at me--I've forgot there's anything bigger'n a quarter in circulation."

"There's a great deal in knowing human nature. Why, I can almost tell a

fellow's first name by looking at his half-moons."

"Believe me, Gert, it ain't your glossy finish that makes the hit; it's a way you've got of making a fellow think he's the whole show."

"I do try to make myself agreeable," admitted Miss Sprunt.

"Agreeable! You can look at a guy with that Oh-I-could-just-listen-to-you-talk-for-ever expression, and by the time you're through with him he'll want to take his tens out of the water and sign over his insurance to you."

"Manicuring is a business like anything else," said Miss Sprunt, by no means displeased. "You sure do have to cater to the trade."

"Well, believe me--" began Miss Ethyl.

But Miss Gertrude suddenly straightened, smiled, and turned toward her table.

Across the hall Mr. James Barker, the rubbed-down, clean-shaven result of a Russian bath, a Swedish massage, and a bountiful American breakfast, stepped out of a French-gold elevator and entered the parlor.

Miss Sprunt placed the backs of her hands on her hips and cocked her head at the clock.

"Good morning, Mr. Barker; you're on time to the minute."

Mr. Barker removed his black-and-white checked cap, deposited three morning editions of evening papers atop a small glass case devoted to the display of Madame Dupont's beautifying cold-creams and marvelous cocoa-butters, and rubbed his hands swiftly together as if generating a spark. A large diamond mounted in a cruelly stretched lion's mouth glinted on Mr. Barker's left hand; a sister stone glowed like an acetylene lamp from his scarf.

"On time, eh! Leave it to your Uncle Fuller to be on time for the big show--a pretty goil can drag me from the hay quicker'n anything I know of."

Miss Gertrude quirked the corner of one eye at Miss Ethyl in a scarcely perceptible wink and filled a glass bowl with warm water.

"That's one thing I will say for my regular customers--they never keep me waiting; that is the beauty of having a high-class trade."

She glanced at Mr. Barker with pleasing insinuation, and they seated themselves vis-à-vis at the little table.

Miss Sprunt surrounded herself with the implements of her craft--small porcelain jars of pink and white cold-creams, cakes of powder in varying degrees of pinkness, vials of opaque liquids, graduated series of files and scissors, large and small chamois-covered buffers, and last the round glass bowl of tepid water cloudy with melting soap.

Mr. Barker extended his large hand upon the little cushion and sighed in satisfaction.

"Go to it, sis--gimme a shine like a wind-shield."

She rested his four heavy fingers lightly in her palm.

"You really don't need a manicure, Mr. Barker; your hands keep the shine better than most."

"Well, I'll be hanged--tryin' to learn your Uncle Fuller when to have his own hands polished! Can you beat it?" Mr. Barker's steel-blue shaved face widened to a broad grin. "Say, you're a goil after my own heart--a regular little sixty-horse-power queen."

"I wasn't born yesterday, Mr. Barker."

"I know you wasn't, but you can't bluff me off, kiddo. You don't need to give me no high-power shine if you don't want to, but I've got one dollar and forty minutes' worth of your time cornered, just the samey."

Miss Sprunt dipped his hands into tepid water.

"I knew what I said would not frighten you off, Mr. Barker. I wouldn't have said it if I thought it would."

Mr. Barker guffawed with gusto.

"Can you beat the wimmin?" he cried. "Can you beat the wimmin?"

"You want a high pink finish, don't you, Mr. Barker?"

"Go as far as you like, sis; give 'em to me as pink and shiny as a baby's heel."

Miss Sprunt gouged out a finger-tip of pink cream and applied it lightly to the several members of his right hand. Her touch was sure and swift.

He regarded her with frankly admiring eyes.

"You're some little goil," he said; "you can tell me what I want better than I know myself."

"That's easy; there isn't a broker in New York who doesn't want a high pink finish, and I've been doing brokers, actors, millionaires, bank clerks, and Sixth Avenue swells in this hotel for three years."

He laughed delightedly, his eyes almost disappearing behind a fretwork of fine wrinkles.

"What makes you know I'm a tape-puller, kiddo? Durned if you ain't got my number better than I got it myself."

"I can tell a broker from a business man as easy as I can tell a five-carat diamond from a gilt-edge bond."

He slid farther down on his chair and regarded her with genuine approval.

"Say, kiddo, I've been all round the world--took a trip through Egypt in my car last spring that I could write a book about; but I ain't seen nothin' in the way of skirts that could touch you with a ten-foot rod."

She flushed.

"Oh, you fellows are such jolliers!"

"On the level, kiddo, you're preferred stock all right, and I'd be willin' to take a flyer any time."

"Say, Mr. Barker, you'd better quit stirring the candy, or it will turn to sugar."

"Lemme tell you, Miss Gertie, I ain't guyin', and I'll prove it to you. I'm goin' to take you out in the swellest little ninety-horse-power speedwagon you ever seen; if you'll gimme leave I'll set you and me up to-night to the niftiest little dinner-party on the island, eh?"

She filed rapidly at his thumb, bringing the nail to a pointed apex.

"I'm very careful about accepting invitations, Mr. Barker."

"Don't you think I can tell a genteel goil when I see her? That's why I ain't asked you out the first time I seen you."

She kept her eyes lowered.

"Of course, since you put it that way, I'll be pleased to accept your invitation, Mr. Barker."

He struck the table with his free hand.

"You're a live un, all right. How about callin' round fer you at six this evenin'?"

She nodded assent.

"Good goil! We'll keep the speedometer busy, all right!"

She skidded the palms of her hands over his nails. "There," she said, "that's not a bad shine."

He straightened his hands out before him and regarded them in mock scrutiny. "Those are some classy grabbers," he said; "and you're some classy little woiker."

He watched her replace the crystal stoppers in their several bottles and fit her various commodities into place. She ranged the scissors and files in neat graduated rows and blew powder particles off the cover with prettily pursed lips.

"That'll be about all, Mr. Barker."

He ambled reluctantly out from his chair.

"You'll be here at six, then?"

"Will I be here at six, sis? Say, will a fish swim?"

He fitted his cap carefully upon his head and pulled the vizor low over his eyes.

"So long, kiddo!" He crossed the marble corridor, stepped into the gold elevator, the filigree door snapped shut, and he shot upward.

Miss Ethyl waited a moment and then pitched her voice to a careful note of indifference.

"I'll bet the million-dollar kid asked you to elope with him."

Miss Gertrude tilted her coiffure forward and ran her amber back-comb through her front hair.

"No," she said, with the same indifference, "he didn't ask me to elope with him; he just wanted to know if I'd tour Hester Street with him in his canoe."

"I don't see no medals on you fer bein' the end man of the minstrel show. Don't let a boat trip to Coney go to your head; you might get brain-fever."

Gertrude Sprunt cast her eyes ceilingward.

"Well, one good thing, your brain will never cause you any trouble, Ethyl."

"Lord, Gert, cut out the airs! You ain't livin' in the rose suite on the tenth floor; you're only applyin' nail-polishes and cuticle-lotions down here in the basement."

"There's something else I'm doing, too," retorted Miss Gertrude, with unruffled amiability. "I'm minding my own affairs."

They fell to work again after these happy sallies, and it was late afternoon before there came a welcome lull.

"Who's your last, Gert?"

"Mr. Chase." There were two red spots of excitement burning on Miss Sprunt's cheeks, and her eyes showed more black than blue.

"Not that little guy with the Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep face? Take it from me, he's a bank clerk or a library guy. Thank Heaven, I ain't got no cheap skates on my staff!"

Miss Gertrude flushed up to her eyes.

"He may be a clerk, but--"

Mr. Chase entered quietly. There was a gentle, even shrinking smile upon his features, and he carried a small offering covered with purple tissue-paper, which he placed nervously upon the edge of the table.

"Good afternoon, Miss Sprunt." He pushed the greeting toward her. "May I hope that you will accept these?"

"Oh, Mr. Chase, aren't you good?" The very quality of her voice was suddenly different, like the softening of a violin note when you mute the strings.

He drew his chair up to the table with the quiet satisfaction of a man ready for a well-merited meal.

"You and violets are inseparable in my mind, Miss Sprunt, because you both suggest the spring."

She laughed in low, rich tones, and her shirtwaist rose and fell rapidly from short breathing.

"Why," she said, "that's the very nicest thing any one ever said to me!"

His hand, long-fingered and virile, drooped over the edge of the bowl into the warm water; he leaned forward with his chest against the line of the table.

"What do you mean, Miss Sprunt?"

She took his dripping hand from the water and dried each finger separately.

"If you had been doing high pink finishes for three years you'd know the difference when a dull white came along--I--I mean, I--"

He smoothed away her embarrassment with a raillery: "By your polish shall ye be known."

"Yes," she replied, with more seriousness than banter; "that's exactly what I mean. I'm not used to men whose polish extends beyond their finger-nails."

She worked with her head bent low, and he regarded the shining coils of her hair.

"How droll you are!" he said.

She pushed back the half-moons of his fingers with an orange stick dipped in cold-cream.

"You ought to watch your cuticle, Mr. Chase, and be more regular about the manicures. Your hands are more delicate than most."

He started.

"Of course I should pay more attention to them, but I'm pretty busy and--and--"

"Of course I understand manicures are expensive luxuries these days."

"Yes."

"I have become so accustomed to hotel trade that I forgot that some hands may be earning salaries instead of drawing incomes."

Her manner was unobtrusive, and he laughed quietly.

"You are quite a student of types, Miss Sprunt."

"Wouldn't I have to be, Mr. Chase, me doing as many as a hundred fingers

a day, and something different coming with each ten of them?"

"You are delightful," he said, letting his amused eyes rest upon her; "but I fear you've mysterious methods of divination."

"Oh, I don't know," she said, airily. "Just take you, for example. I don't need an X-ray to see that there isn't a Fifth Avenue tailor sign stitched inside your coat. It doesn't take any mind-reader to know that you come in from the Sixth Avenue entrance and not from the elevator. Besides, when you come to live in a lobster palace you usually have your claws done to match your shell. I'd have given you a dull white finish without your even asking for it."

"I see where I stand with you, Miss Sprunt."

"Oh, it isn't that, Mr. Chase. I guess, if the truth was known, the crawfish stand better with me than the lobsters."

Mr. Chase's fingers closed lightly over hers.

"I believe you mean what you say," he said.

"You bet your life I do!" she said, emphasizing each word with a buff. She looked up, met his insistent eyes, and laughed in a high, unnatural pitch. "Other hand, please," she whispered.

When he finally rose to depart she rose with him, holding her nosegay at arm's-length and tilting her head.

"It's almost time for wood violets, Miss Sprunt. I'll try to get you some."

"Oh, don't trouble, Mr. Chase; these hothouse ones are beauties."

"I--I'll be dropping in soon again, Miss Sprunt. I think I'll take your advice and be more regular about my manicures."

"Oh," she said, in some confusion, "I--I didn't mean that. You can care for them in between times yourself."

At the Sixth Avenue exit he paused.

"Good night," he said, slowly.

"Good night," she responded, her lips warm and parted like a child's.

When the click of his footsteps had echoed down the marble corridor Miss Ethyl crossed the room and indulged in several jerky sniffs at the little floral offering. "Well, whatta you know about that little tin

Willie, bringin' a goil violets in May? You better stick to the million-dollar kid, Gert; he's the strawberries-in-December brand."

For once Miss Gertrude did not retort; her eyes, full of dreams, were gazing past the doorway which had so recently framed the modest figure of Mr. Chase.

Promptly at six Mr. Barker appeared for his appointment. He bespoke the last word and epilogue in sartorial perfection--his suit was a trifle too brown and a trifle too creased and his carnation a bit too large, but he radiated good cheer and perfume.

Miss Ethyl nudged Miss Gertrude excitedly.

"Pipe the rig, Gert; he makes you look like a hole in a doughnut."

He entered, suave as oil.

"Well, sis, ready?"

"Oh, Mr. Barker, you're all dressed up--and look at me. I--"

"Ah-h-h, how do you like it? Some class, eh? Guess your Uncle Fuller ain't some hit--brand-new gear from tonneau to rear wheels."

Mr. Barker circumvolved on one heel, holding his coat-tails apart.

"I blew me right fer this outfit; but it's woith the money, sis."

"If I had known I'd have gone home and dressed up, too."

"Well, whatta you know about that?" exclaimed Mr. Barker, observing her up and down. "That there shroud you're wearing is as classy as anything I've seen up in the lobby or any place else, and I've been all round the wold some, too. I know the real thing from the seconds every time."

Miss Gertrude worked into her gloves.

"I guess it is more becoming for a girl like me to go plainly."

"Believe me, kiddo"--Mr. Barker placed his hand blinker-fashion against the side of his mouth, and his lips took on an oblique slant--"take it from me, kiddo, when it comes to real feet-on-the-fender comfort, a nineteen-fifty suit with a extry pair of pants thrown in can make this rig feel like a busted tire."

"Well, Mr. Barker, I'm ready if you are."

He swung one arm akimbo with an outward circular movement, clicked his

heels together, and straightened his shoulders until his speckled white vest swelled.

"Hitch on, sis, and let's show Broadway we're in town!"

Gertrude took a pinch of sleeve between her gloved fingers; they fell into step. At the door she turned and nodded over one shoulder.

"Good night, Ethyl dear," she said, a trifle too sweetly.

A huge mahogany-colored touring-car caparisoned in nickel and upholstered in darker red panted and chugged at the Broadway curb. Mr. Barker helped her into the front seat, swung himself behind the steering-wheel, covered them over with a striped rug, and turned his shining monster into the flux of Broadway.

Miss Gertrude leaned her head back against the upholstery and breathed a deep-seated, satisfied sigh.

"This," she said, "is what I call living."

Mr. Barker grinned and let out five miles more to the hour.

"I guess this ain't got the Sixth Avenue 'L' skinned a mile!"

"Two miles," she said.

"Honest, sis, I could be arrested for what I think of the 'L.'"

"I know the furnishing of every third-floor front on the line," she replied, with a dreary attempt at jocoseness.

"Never mind, kiddo, I've got my eye on you," he sang, quoting from a street song of the hour.

They sped on silently, the wind singing in their ears.

"Want the shield up?"

"The what?"

"The glass front."

"No, thank you, Mr. Barker; this air is good."

"This old wagon can eat up the miles, all right, eh? She toured Egypt fer two months and never turned an ankle."

"To think of having traveled as you have."

"Me, I'm the best little traveler you ever seen. More than once I drove this car up a mountainside. Hold your hat--here goes, kiddo."

"I guess you'll think I'm slow, but this is the first time I've been in an automobile, except once when I was sent for in a taxi-cab for a private manicure."

"You think you could get used to mine, kiddo?" He nudged her elbow with his free arm; she drew herself back against the cushions.

"The way I feel now," she said, closing her eyes, "I could ride this way until the crack of doom."

They drew up before a flaring, electric-lighted café with an awning extending from the entrance out to the curb. A footman swung open the door, a doorman relieved Mr. Barker of his hat and light overcoat, a head waiter steered them through an Arcadia of palms, flower-banked tables, and small fountains to a mirrored corner, a lackey drew out their chairs, a pantry boy placed crisp rolls and small pats of sweet butter beside their plates and filled their tumblers with water from a crystal bottle, a waiter bent almost double wrote their order on a silver-mounted pad, and music faint as the symphony of the spheres came to them from a small gold balcony.

Miss Gertrude removed her gloves thoughtfully.

"That is what I call living," she repeated. She leaned forward, her elbows on the table, and the little bunch of violets at her belt worked out and fell to the floor. An attendant sprang to recover them.

"Let 'em go," said Barker. He drew a heavy-headed rose from the embankment between them and wiped its wet stem. "Here's a posy that's got them beat right."

She took it and pinned it at her throat. "Thanks," she said, glancing about her with glowing, interested eyes.

"This place makes Runey's lunch-room look like a two-weeks-old manicure."

"I told you I was goin' to show you the time of your life, didn't I? Any goil that goes out with me ain't with a piker."

"Gee!" said Gertrude; "if Ethyl could only see me now!"

She sipped her water, and the ice tinkled against the frail sides of the tumbler. A waiter swung a silver dome off a platter and served them a steaming and unpronounceable delicacy; a woman sang from the small gold

balcony--life, wine, and jewels sparkled alike.

A page with converging lines of gilt balls down the front of his uniform passed picture post-cards, showing the café, from table to table.

Gertrude asked for a lead-pencil and wrote one to a cousin in Montana, and Mr. Barker signed his name beneath hers.

They dallied with pink ices and French pastries, and he loudly requested the best cigar in the place.

"It's all in knowin' how to live," he explained. "I've been all over the woild, and there ain't much I don't know or ain't seen; but you gotta know the right way to go about things."

"Anybody could tell by looking at you that you are a man of the world," said Miss Gertrude.

It was eleven o'clock when they entered the car for the homeward spin. The cool air blew color and verve into her face; and her hair, responding to the night damp, curled in little grape-vine tendrils round her face.

"You're some swell little goil," remarked Mr. Barker, a cigar hung idle from one corner of his mouth.

"And you are some driver!" she retorted. "You run a car like a real chauffeur."

"I wouldn't own a car if I couldn't run it myself," he said. "I ran this car all through France last fall. There ain't no fun bein' steered like a mollycoddle."

"No one could ever accuse you of being a mollycoddle, Mr. Barker."

He turned and loosened the back of her seat until it reclined like a Morris chair. "My own invention," he said; "to lie back and watch the stars on a clear night sort of--of gives you a hunch what's goin' on up there."

She looked at him in some surprise. "You're clever, all right," she said, rather seriously.

"Wait till you know me better, kiddo. I'll learn you a whole lot about me that'll surprise you."

His hand groped for hers; she drew it away gently, but her voice was also gentle:

"Here we are home, Mr. Barker."

In front of her lower West Side rooming-house he helped her carefully to alight, regarding her sententiously in the flare of the street lamp.

"You're my style, all right, kiddo. My speedometer registers you pretty high."

She giggled.

"I'm here to tell you that you look good to me, and--and--I--anything on fer to-morrow night?"

"No," she said, softly.

"Are you on?"

She nodded.

"I'll drop in and see you to-morrow," he said.

"Good," she replied.

"If nothin' unexpected comes up to-morrow night we'll take one swell spin out along the Hudson Drive and have dinner at the Vista. There's some swell scenery out along the Palisade drive when the moon comes up and shines over the water."

"Oh, Mr. Barker, that will be heavenly!"

"I'm some on the soft-soap stuff myself," he said.

"You're full of surprises," she agreed.

"I'll drop in and see you to-morrow, kiddo."

"Good night," she whispered.

"Good night, little sis," he replied.

They parted with a final hand-shake; as she climbed up to her room she heard the machine chug away.

The perfume of her rose floated about her like a delicate mist. She undressed and went to bed into a dream-world of shimmering women and hidden music, a world chiefly peopled by deferential waiters and scraping lackeys. All the night through she sped in a silent mahogany-colored touring-car, with the wind singing in her ears and lights flashing past like meteors.

* * * *

When Miss Gertrude arrived at the Knockerbeck parlors next morning a little violet offering wrapped in white tissue-paper lay on her desk. They were fresh wood violets, cool and damp with dew. She flushed and placed them in a small glass vase behind the cold-cream case.

Her eyes were blue like the sky when you look straight up, and a smile trembled on her lips. Ten minutes later Mr. Barker, dust-begrimed and enveloped in a long linen duster, swaggered in. He peeled off his stout gloves; his fingers were black-rimmed and grease-splotched.

"Mornin', sis; here's a fine job for you. Took an unexpected business trip ten miles out, and the bloomin' spark-plug got to cuttin' up like a balky horse."

He crammed his gloves and goggles into spacious pockets and looked at Miss Gertrude with warming eyes.

"Durned if you ain't lookin' pert as a mornin'-glory to-day!"

She took his fingers on her hand and regarded them reprovingly.

"Shame on you, Mr. Barker, for getting yourself so mussed up!" cried Miss Sprunt.

"Looks like I need somebody to take care of me, doan it, sis?"

"Yes," she agreed, unblushingly.

Once in warm water, his hands exuded the odor of gasolene. She sniffed like a horse scenting the turf.

"I'd rather have a whiff of an automobile," she remarked, "than of the best attar of roses on the market."

"You ain't forgot about to-night, sis?"

She lowered her eyes.

"No, I haven't forgotten."

"There ain't nothin' but a business engagement can keep me off. I gotta big deal on, and I may be too busy to-night, but we'll go to-morrow sure."

"That'll be all right, Mr. Barker; business before pleasure."

"I'm pretty sure it'll be to-night, though. I--I don't like to have to

wait too long."

He reached across the table suddenly and gripped hold of her working arm.

"Say, kiddo, I like you."

"Silly!" she said, softly.

"I ain't foolin'."

"I'll be ready at six," she said, lightly. "If you can't come let me know."

"I ain't the sort to do things snide," he said. "If I can't come I'll put you wise, all right."

"You certainly know how to treat a girl," she said.

"Let me get to likin' a goil, and there ain't nothin' I won't do for her."

"You sure can run a machine, Mr. Barker."

"You wait till I let loose some speed along the Hudson road, and then you'll see some real drivin'; last night wasn't nothin'."

"Oh, Mr. Barker!"

"Call me Jim," he said.

"Jim," she repeated, softly, after him.

The day was crowded with appointments. She worked unceasingly until the nerves at the back of her head were strained and aching, and tired shadows appeared under her eyes. The languor of spring oppressed her.

To her surprise, Mr. Chase appeared at four o'clock. At the sight of him the point of her little scissors slipped into the unoffending cuticle of the hand she was grooming. She motioned him to a chair along the wall.

"In just a few minutes, Mr. Chase."

"Thank you," he replied, seating himself and watching her with interested, near-sighted eyes.

A nervousness sent the blood rushing to her head. The low drone of Ethyl's voice talking to a customer, the tick of the clock, the click and sough of the elevator were thrice magnified. She could feel the gush

of color to her face.

The fat old gentleman whose fingers she had been administering placed a generous bonus on the table and ambled out. She turned her burning eyes upon Mr. Chase and spoke slowly to steady her voice. She was ashamed of her unaccountable nervousness and of the suffocating dryness in her throat.

"Ready for you, Mr. Chase."

He came toward her with a peculiar slowness of movement, a characteristic slowness which was one of the trivial things which burned his attractiveness into her consciousness. In the stuffiness of her own little room she had more than once closed her eyes and deliberately pictured him as he came toward her table, gentle yet eager, with a deference which was new as it was delightful to her.

As he approached her she snapped a flexible file between her thumb and forefinger, and watched it vibrate and come to a jerky stop; then she looked up.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Chase."

"Good afternoon, Miss Sprunt. You see, I am following your advice." He took the chair opposite her.

"I--I want to thank you for the violets. They are the first real hint of May I've had."

"You knew they came from me?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Why--I--why, I just knew."

She covered her confusion by removing and replacing crystal bottle-stoppers.

"I'm glad that you knew they came from me, Miss Sprunt."

"Yes, I knew that they could come from no one but you--they were so simple and natural and--sweet."

She laughed a pitch too high and plunged his fingers into water some degrees too hot. He did not wince, but she did.

"Oh, Mr. Chase, forgive me. I--I've scalded your fingers."

"Why," he replied, not taking his eyes from her face, "so you have!"
They both laughed.

Across the room Miss Ethyl coughed twice. "I always say," she observed to her customer, "a workin'-girl can't be too careful of her actions.
That's why I am of a retiring disposition and don't try to force myself on nobody."

Mr. Chase regarded the shadows beneath Miss Sprunt's eyes with a pucker between his own.

"You don't get much of the springtime in here, do you, Miss Sprunt?"

"No," she replied, smiling faintly. "The only way we can tell the seasons down here is by the midwinter Elks convention and the cloak drummers who come to buy fur coats in July."

"You poor little girl," he said, slowly. "What you need is air--good, wholesome air, and plenty of it."

"Oh, I get along all right," she said, biting at her nether lip.

"You're confined too closely, Miss Sprunt."

"Life isn't all choice," she replied, briefly.

"Forgive me," he said.

"I walk home sometimes," she said.

"You're fond of walking?"

"Yes, when I'm not too tired."

"Miss Sprunt, would--would you walk with me this evening? I know a quiet little place where we could dine together."

"Oh," she said, "I--I already have an engagement. I--"

She colored with surprise.

"You have an engagement?" His tones were suddenly flat.

"No," she replied, in tones of sudden decision, "I'd be pleased to go with you. I can do what I planned to-night any other time."

"Thank you, Miss Sprunt."

Her fingers trembled as she worked, and his suddenly closed over them.

"You poor, tired little girl," he repeated.

She gulped down her emotions.

"Miss Sprunt, this is neither the time nor the place for me to express myself, yet somehow our great moments come when we least expect them."

She let her limp fingers rest in his; she was strangely calm.

"I know it is always a great pleasure to have you come in, Mr. Chase."

"The first time I dropped in was chance, Miss Sprunt. You can see for yourself that I am not the sort of fellow who goes in for the little niceties like manicures. I'm what you might call the seedy kind. But the second time I dropped in for a manicure was not accident, nor the third time, nor the tenth--it was you."

"You've been extravagant all on account of me?" she parried.

"I've been more than that on account of you, dear girl. I've been consumed night and day by the sweet thought of you."

"Oh-h-h!" She placed one hand at her throat.

"Miss Sprunt, I am not asking anything of you; I simply want you to know me better. I want to begin to-night to try to teach you to reciprocate the immense regard--the love I feel for you."

She closed her eyes for a moment; his firm clasp of her hand tightened.

"You'll think I'm a bold girl, Mr. Chase; you'll--you'll--"

"Yes?"

"You'll think I'm everything I ought not to be, but you--you can't teach me what I already know."

"Gertrude!"

She nodded, swallowing back unaccountable tears.

"I never let myself hope, because I didn't think there was a chance, Mr. Chase."

"Dear, is it possible without knowing me--who, what I am--you--"

"I only know you," she said, softly. "That is all that matters."

"My little girl," he whispered, regarding her with unshed tears shining in his eyes.

She placed her two hands over her face for a moment.

"What is it, dear?"

She burrowed deeper into her hands.

"I'm so happy," she said, between her fingers.

They regarded each other with almost incredulous eyes, seeking to probe the web of enchantment their love had woven.

"I do not deserve this happiness, dearest." But his voice was a pæan of triumph.

"It is I who do not deserve," she said, in turn. "You are too--too everything for me."

They talked in whispers until there were two appointees ranged along the wall. He was loath to go; she urged him gently.

"I can't work while you are here, dear; return for me at six--no," she corrected, struck by a sudden thought, "at six-thirty."

"Let me wait for you, dearest," he pleaded.

She waggled a playful finger at him.

"Good-by until later."

"Until six-thirty, cruel one."

"Yes."

"There is so much to be said, Gertrude dear."

"To-night."

He left her lingeringly. They tried to cover up their fervent, low-voiced farewells with passive faces, but after he had departed her every feature was lyric.

Juliet might have looked like that when her love was young.

Mr. Barker arrived, but she met him diffidently, even shamefacedly. Before she could explain he launched forth:

"I'm sorry, kiddo, but we'll have to make it to-morrow night for that ride of ours. That party I was tellin' you about is goin' to get busy on that big deal, and I gotta do a lot of signin' up to-night."

Fate had carved a way for her with gentle hand.

"That's all right, Mr. Barker; just don't you feel badly about it." She felt a gush of sympathy for him; for all humanity.

"You understand, kiddo, don't you? A feller's got to stick to business as much as pleasure, and we'll hit the high places to-morrow night, all right, all right. You're the classiest doll I've met yet."

She swallowed her distaste.

"That's the right idea, Mr. Barker; business appointments are always important."

"I'll see you to-morrow mornin', and we'll fix up some swell party."

"Good night, Mr. Barker."

"So long, honey."

Directly after he departed Miss Ethyl bade her good night in cold, cracky tones.

"The goin's-on in this parlor don't make it no place for a minister's daughter, Miss Gertie Sprunt."

"Then you ought to be glad your father's a policeman," retorted her friend, graciously. "Good night, dearie."

She hummed as she put her table in order. At each footstep down the marble corridor her pulse quickened; she placed her cheeks in her hands, vise-fashion, to feel of their unnatural heat. When Mr. Chase finally came they met shyly and with certain restraint. Whispering together like diffident children, they went out, their hands lightly touching.

Broadway was already alight; the cool spring air met them like tonic.

Like an exuberant lad, Mr. Chase led her to the curb. A huge, mahogany-colored touring-car, caparisoned in nickel and upholstered in a darker red, vibrated and snorted alongside. A chauffeur, with a striped rug across his knees, reached back respectfully and flung open the door. Like an automaton Gertrude placed her small foot upon the step and paused, her dumfounded gaze confronting the equally stunned eyes of the chauffeur. Mr. Chase aided and encouraged at her elbow.

"It's all right, dearest, it's all right; this is your surprise."

"Why," she gasped, her eyes never leaving the steel-blue shaved face of the chauffeur--"why--I--"

Mr. Chase regarded her in some anxiety. "What a surprised little girl you are! I shouldn't have taken you so unawares." He almost lifted her in.

"This machine is yours, Mr. Chase?"

"Yes, dear, this machine is ours."

"You never told me anything."

"There is little to tell, Gertrude. I have not used my cars to amount to anything since I'm back from Egypt. I've been pretty busy with affairs."

"Back from Egypt!"

"Do not look so helpless, dear. I'm only back three months from a trip round the world, and I've been putting up with hotel life meanwhile. Then I happened to meet you, and as long as you had me all sized up I just let it go--that's all, dear."

"You're not the Mr. Adam Chase who's had the rose suite on the tenth floor all winter?"

"That's me," he laughed.

Her slowly comprehending eyes did not leave his face.

"Why, I thought--I--you--"

"It was my use of the private elevator on the east side of the building that gave you the Sixth Avenue idea, and it was too good a joke on me to spoil, dearie."

She regarded him through blurry eyes.

"What must you think of me?"

He felt for her hand underneath the lap-robe.

"Among other things," he said, "I think that your eyes exactly match the violets I motored out to get for you this morning at my place ten miles up the Hudson."

"When did you go, dear?"

"Before you were up. We were back before ten, in spite of a spark-plug that gave us some trouble."

"Oh," she said.

The figure at the wheel squirmed to be off. She lay back faint against the upholstery.

"To think," she said, "that you should care for me!"

"My own dear girl!"

He touched a spring and the back of her seat reclined like a Morris chair.

"Lie back, dear. I invented that scheme so I can recline at night and watch the stars parade past. I toured that way all through Egypt."

The figure in the front seat gripped his wheel.

"Where are we going, Adam dear?" she whispered.

"This is your night, Gertrude; give James your orders."

She snuggled deeper into the dark-red upholstery, and their hands clasped closer beneath the robe.

"James," she said, in a voice like a bell, "take us to the Vista for dinner; afterward motor out along the Palisade drive, far out so that we can see the Hudson by moonlight."

AN ADJUSTMENT OF NATURE

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Four Million*, by O. Henry

In an art exhibition the other day I saw a painting that had been sold for \$5,000. The painter was a young scrub out of the West named Kraft, who had a favourite food and a pet theory. His pabulum was an unquenchable belief in the Unerring Artistic Adjustment of Nature. His theory was fixed around corned-beef hash with poached egg. There was a story behind the picture, so I went home and let it drip out of a fountain-pen. The idea of Kraft--but that is not the beginning of the story.

Three years ago Kraft, Bill Judkins (a poet), and I took our meals at

Cypher's, on Eighth Avenue. I say "took." When we had money, Cypher got it "off of" us, as he expressed it. We had no credit; we went in, called for food and ate it. We paid or we did not pay. We had confidence in Cypher's sullenness and smouldering ferocity. Deep down in his sunless soul he was either a prince, a fool or an artist. He sat at a worm-eaten desk, covered with files of waiters' checks so old that I was sure the bottomest one was for clams that Hendrik Hudson had eaten and paid for. Cypher had the power, in common with Napoleon III. and the goggle-eyed perch, of throwing a film over his eyes, rendering opaque the windows of his soul. Once when we left him unpaid, with egregious excuses, I looked back and saw him shaking with inaudible laughter behind his film. Now and then we paid up back scores.

But the chief thing at Cypher's was Milly. Milly was a waitress. She was a grand example of Kraft's theory of the artistic adjustment of nature. She belonged, largely, to waiting, as Minerva did to the art of scrapping, or Venus to the science of serious flirtation. Pedestalled and in bronze she might have stood with the noblest of her heroic sisters as "Liver-and-Bacon Enlivening the World." She belonged to Cypher's. You expected to see her colossal figure loom through that reeking blue cloud of smoke from frying fat just as you expect the Palisades to appear through a drifting Hudson River fog. There amid the steam of vegetables and the vapours of acres of "ham and," the crash of crockery, the clatter of steel, the screaming of "short orders," the cries of the hungering and all the horrid tumult of feeding man, surrounded by swarms of the buzzing winged beasts bequeathed us by Pharaoh, Milly steered her magnificent way like some great liner cleaving among the canoes of howling savages.

Our Goddess of Grub was built on lines so majestic that they could be followed only with awe. Her sleeves were always rolled above her elbows. She could have taken us three musketeers in her two hands and dropped us out of the window. She had seen fewer years than any of us, but she was of such superb Evehood and simplicity that she mothered us from the beginning. Cypher's store of eatables she poured out upon us with royal indifference to price and quantity, as from a cornucopia that knew no exhaustion. Her voice rang like a great silver bell; her smile was many-toothed and frequent; she seemed like a yellow sunrise on mountain tops. I never saw her but I thought of the Yosemite. And yet, somehow, I could never think of her as existing outside of Cypher's. There nature had placed her, and she had taken root and grown mightily. She seemed happy, and took her few poor dollars on Saturday nights with the flushed pleasure of a child that receives an unexpected donation.

It was Kraft who first voiced the fear that each of us must have held latently. It came up apropos, of course, of certain questions of art at which we were hammering. One of us compared the harmony existing between a Haydn symphony and pistache ice cream to the exquisite congruity between Milly and Cypher's.

"There is a certain fate hanging over Milly," said Kraft, "and if it overtakes her she is lost to Cypher's and to us."

"She will grow fat?" asked Judkins, fearlessly.

"She will go to night school and become refined?" I ventured anxiously.

"It is this," said Kraft, punctuating in a puddle of spilled coffee with a stiff forefinger. "Caesar had his Brutus--the cotton has its bollworm, the chorus girl has her Pittsburger, the summer boarder has his poison ivy, the hero has his Carnegie medal, art has its Morgan, the rose has its--"

"Speak," I interrupted, much perturbed. "You do not think that Milly will begin to lace?"

"One day," concluded Kraft, solemnly, "there will come to Cypher's for a plate of beans a millionaire lumberman from Wisconsin, and he will marry Milly."

"Never!" exclaimed Judkins and I, in horror.

"A lumberman," repeated Kraft, hoarsely.

"And a millionaire lumberman!" I sighed, despairingly.

"From Wisconsin!" groaned Judkins.

We agreed that the awful fate seemed to menace her. Few things were less improbable. Milly, like some vast virgin stretch of pine woods, was made to catch the lumberman's eye. And well we knew the habits of the Badgers, once fortune smiled upon them. Straight to New York they hie, and lay their goods at the feet of the girl who serves them beans in a beanery. Why, the alphabet itself connives. The Sunday newspaper's headliner's work is cut for him.

"Winsome Waitress Wins Wealthy Wisconsin Woodsman."

For a while we felt that Milly was on the verge of being lost to us.

It was our love of the Unerring Artistic Adjustment of Nature that inspired us. We could not give her over to a lumberman, doubly accursed by wealth and provincialism. We shuddered to think of Milly, with her voice modulated and her elbows covered, pouring tea in the marble teepee of a tree murderer. No! In Cypher's she belonged--in the bacon smoke, the cabbage perfume, the grand, Wagnerian chorus of hurled ironstone china and rattling casters.

Our fears must have been prophetic, for on that same evening the wildwood discharged upon us Milly's preordained confiscator--our fee to adjustment and order. But Alaska and not Wisconsin bore the burden of the visitation.

We were at our supper of beef stew and dried apples when he trotted in as if on the heels of a dog team, and made one of the mess at our table. With the freedom of the camps he assaulted our ears and claimed the fellowship of men lost in the wilds of a hash house. We embraced him as a specimen, and in three minutes we had all but died for one another as friends.

He was rugged and bearded and wind-dried. He had just come off the "trail," he said, at one of the North River ferries. I fancied I could see the snow dust of Chilcoot yet powdering his shoulders. And then he strewed the table with the nuggets, stuffed ptarmigans, bead work and seal pelts of the returned Klondiker, and began to prate to us of his millions.

"Bank drafts for two millions," was his summing up, "and a thousand a day piling up from my claims. And now I want some beef stew and canned peaches. I never got off the train since I mushed out of Seattle, and I'm hungry. The stuff the niggers feed you on Pullmans don't count. You gentlemen order what you want."

And then Milly loomed up with a thousand dishes on her bare arm--loomed up big and white and pink and awful as Mount Saint Elias--with a smile like day breaking in a gulch. And the Klondiker threw down his pelts and nuggets as dross, and let his jaw fall half-way, and stared at her. You could almost see the diamond tiaras on Milly's brow and the hand-embroidered silk Paris gowns that he meant to buy for her.

At last the bollworm had attacked the cotton--the poison ivy was reaching out its tendrils to entwine the summer boarder--the millionaire lumberman, thinly disguised as the Alaskan miner, was about to engulf our Milly and upset Nature's adjustment.

Kraft was the first to act. He leaped up and pounded the Klondiker's back. "Come out and drink," he shouted. "Drink first and eat afterward." Judkins seized one arm and I the other. Gaily, roaringly, irresistibly, in jolly-good-fellow style, we dragged him from the restaurant to a café, stuffing his pockets with his embalmed birds and indigestible nuggets.

There he rumbled a roughly good-humoured protest. "That's the girl for my money," he declared. "She can eat out of my skillet the rest of her life. Why, I never see such a fine girl. I'm going back there and ask her to marry me. I guess she won't want to sling hash any more when she sees the pile of dust I've got."

"You'll take another whiskey and milk now," Kraft persuaded, with Satan's smile. "I thought you up-country fellows were better sports."

Kraft spent his puny store of coin at the bar and then gave Judkins and me such an appealing look that we went down to the last dime we had in toasting our guest.

Then, when our ammunition was gone and the Klondiker, still somewhat sober, began to babble again of Milly, Kraft whispered into his ear such a polite, barbed insult relating to people who were miserly with their funds, that the miner crashed down handful after handful of silver and notes, calling for all the fluids in the world to drown the imputation.

Thus the work was accomplished. With his own guns we drove him from the field. And then we had him carted to a distant small hotel and put to bed with his nuggets and baby seal-skins stuffed around him.

"He will never find Cypher's again," said Kraft. "He will propose to the first white apron he sees in a dairy restaurant to-morrow. And Milly--I mean the Natural Adjustment--is saved!"

And back to Cypher's went we three, and, finding customers scarce, we joined hands and did an Indian dance with Milly in the centre.

This, I say, happened three years ago. And about that time a little luck descended upon us three, and we were enabled to buy costlier and less wholesome food than Cypher's. Our paths separated, and I saw Kraft no more and Judkins seldom.

But, as I said, I saw a painting the other day that was sold for \$5,000. The title was "Boadicea," and the figure seemed to fill all out-of-doors. But of all the picture's admirers who stood before it, I believe I was the only one who longed for Boadicea to stalk from her frame, bringing me corned-beef hash with poached egg.

I hurried away to see Kraft. His satanic eyes were the same, his hair was worse tangled, but his clothes had been made by a tailor.

"I didn't know," I said to him.

"We've bought a cottage in the Bronx with the money," said he. "Any evening at 7."

"Then," said I, "when you led us against the lumberman--the--Klondiker --it wasn't altogether on account of the Unerring Artistic Adjustment of Nature?"

"Well, not altogether," said Kraft, with a grin.



Wharton, 1889

MRS. MANSTEY'S VIEW

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Early Short Fiction of Edith Wharton, Pt. I*

As first published in *Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1891

The view from Mrs. Manstey's window was not a striking one, but to her at least it was full of interest and beauty. Mrs. Manstey occupied the back room on the third floor of a New York boarding-house, in a street where the ash-barrels lingered late on the sidewalk and the gaps in the pavement would have staggered a Quintus Curtius. She was the widow of a clerk in a large wholesale house, and his death had left her alone, for her only daughter had married in California, and could not afford the long journey to New York to see her mother. Mrs. Manstey, perhaps, might have joined her daughter in the West, but they had now been so many years apart that they had ceased to feel any need of each other's society, and their intercourse had long been limited to the exchange of a few perfunctory letters, written with indifference by the daughter, and with difficulty by Mrs. Manstey, whose right hand was growing stiff with gout. Even had she felt a stronger desire for her daughter's companionship, Mrs. Manstey's increasing infirmity, which caused her to dread the three flights of stairs between her room and the street, would have given her pause on the eve of undertaking so long a journey; and without perhaps, formulating these reasons she had long since accepted as a matter of course her solitary life in New York.

She was, indeed, not quite lonely, for a few friends still toiled up now and then to her room; but their visits grew rare as the years went by. Mrs. Manstey had never been a sociable woman, and during her husband's

lifetime his companionship had been all-sufficient to her. For many years she had cherished a desire to live in the country, to have a hen-house and a garden; but this longing had faded with age, leaving only in the breast of the uncommunicative old woman a vague tenderness for plants and animals. It was, perhaps, this tenderness which made her cling so fervently to her view from her window, a view in which the most optimistic eye would at first have failed to discover anything admirable.

Mrs. Manstey, from her coign of vantage (a slightly projecting bow-window where she nursed an ivy and a succession of unwholesome-looking bulbs), looked out first upon the yard of her own dwelling, of which, however, she could get but a restricted glimpse. Still, her gaze took in the topmost boughs of the ailanthus below her window, and she knew how early each year the clump of dicentra strung its bending stalk with hearts of pink.

But of greater interest were the yards beyond. Being for the most part attached to boarding-houses they were in a state of chronic untidiness and fluttering, on certain days of the week, with miscellaneous garments and frayed table-cloths. In spite of this Mrs. Manstey found much to admire in the long vista which she commanded. Some of the yards were, indeed, but stony wastes, with grass in the cracks of the pavement and no shade in spring save that afforded by the intermittent leafage of the clothes-lines. These yards Mrs. Manstey disapproved of, but the others, the green ones, she loved. She had grown used to their disorder; the broken barrels, the empty bottles and paths unswept no longer annoyed her; hers was the happy faculty of dwelling on the pleasanter side of the prospect before her.

In the very next enclosure did not a magnolia open its hard white flowers against the watery blue of April? And was there not, a little way down the line, a fence foamed over every May be lilac waves of wistaria? Farther still, a horse-chestnut lifted its candelabra of buff and pink blossoms above broad fans of foliage; while in the opposite yard June was sweet with the breath of a neglected syringa, which persisted in growing in spite of the countless obstacles opposed to its welfare.

But if nature occupied the front rank in Mrs. Manstey's view, there was much of a more personal character to interest her in the aspect of the houses and their inmates. She deeply disapproved of the mustard-colored curtains which had lately been hung in the doctor's window opposite; but she glowed with pleasure when the house farther down had its old bricks washed with a coat of paint. The occupants of the houses did not often show themselves at the back windows, but the servants were always in sight. Noisy slatterns, Mrs. Manstey pronounced the greater number; she knew their ways and hated them. But to the quiet cook in the newly painted house, whose mistress bullied her, and who secretly fed the

stray cats at nightfall, Mrs. Manstey's warmest sympathies were given. On one occasion her feelings were racked by the neglect of a housemaid, who for two days forgot to feed the parrot committed to her care. On the third day, Mrs. Manstey, in spite of her gouty hand, had just penned a letter, beginning: "Madam, it is now three days since your parrot has been fed," when the forgetful maid appeared at the window with a cup of seed in her hand.

But in Mrs. Manstey's more meditative moods it was the narrowing perspective of far-off yards which pleased her best. She loved, at twilight, when the distant brown-stone spire seemed melting in the fluid yellow of the west, to lose herself in vague memories of a trip to Europe, made years ago, and now reduced in her mind's eye to a pale phantasmagoria of indistinct steeples and dreamy skies. Perhaps at heart Mrs. Manstey was an artist; at all events she was sensible of many changes of color unnoticed by the average eye, and dear to her as the green of early spring was the black lattice of branches against a cold sulphur sky at the close of a snowy day. She enjoyed, also, the sunny thaws of March, when patches of earth showed through the snow, like ink-spots spreading on a sheet of white blotting-paper; and, better still, the haze of boughs, leafless but swollen, which replaced the clear-cut tracery of winter. She even watched with a certain interest the trail of smoke from a far-off factory chimney, and missed a detail in the landscape when the factory was closed and the smoke disappeared.

Mrs. Manstey, in the long hours which she spent at her window, was not idle. She read a little, and knitted numberless stockings; but the view surrounded and shaped her life as the sea does a lonely island. When her rare callers came it was difficult for her to detach herself from the contemplation of the opposite window-washing, or the scrutiny of certain green points in a neighboring flower-bed which might, or might not, turn into hyacinths, while she feigned an interest in her visitor's anecdotes about some unknown grandchild. Mrs. Manstey's real friends were the denizens of the yards, the hyacinths, the magnolia, the green parrot, the maid who fed the cats, the doctor who studied late behind his mustard-colored curtains; and the confidant of her tenderer musings was the church-spire floating in the sunset.

One April day, as she sat in her usual place, with knitting cast aside and eyes fixed on the blue sky mottled with round clouds, a knock at the door announced the entrance of her landlady. Mrs. Manstey did not care for her landlady, but she submitted to her visits with ladylike resignation. To-day, however, it seemed harder than usual to turn from the blue sky and the blossoming magnolia to Mrs. Sampson's unsuggestive face, and Mrs. Manstey was conscious of a distinct effort as she did so.

"The magnolia is out earlier than usual this year, Mrs. Sampson," she remarked, yielding to a rare impulse, for she seldom alluded to the absorbing interest of her life. In the first place it was a topic not

likely to appeal to her visitors and, besides, she lacked the power of expression and could not have given utterance to her feelings had she wished to.

"The what, Mrs. Manstey?" inquired the landlady, glancing about the room as if to find there the explanation of Mrs. Manstey's statement.

"The magnolia in the next yard--in Mrs. Black's yard," Mrs. Manstey repeated.

"Is it, indeed? I didn't know there was a magnolia there," said Mrs. Sampson, carelessly. Mrs. Manstey looked at her; she did not know that there was a magnolia in the next yard!

"By the way," Mrs. Sampson continued, "speaking of Mrs. Black reminds me that the work on the extension is to begin next week."

"The what?" it was Mrs. Manstey's turn to ask.

"The extension," said Mrs. Sampson, nodding her head in the direction of the ignored magnolia. "You knew, of course, that Mrs. Black was going to build an extension to her house? Yes, ma'am. I hear it is to run right back to the end of the yard. How she can afford to build an extension in these hard times I don't see; but she always was crazy about building. She used to keep a boarding-house in Seventeenth Street, and she nearly ruined herself then by sticking out bow-windows and what not; I should have thought that would have cured her of building, but I guess it's a disease, like drink. Anyhow, the work is to begin on Monday."

Mrs. Manstey had grown pale. She always spoke slowly, so the landlady did not heed the long pause which followed. At last Mrs. Manstey said: "Do you know how high the extension will be?"

"That's the most absurd part of it. The extension is to be built right up to the roof of the main building; now, did you ever?"

Mrs. Manstey paused again. "Won't it be a great annoyance to you, Mrs. Sampson?" she asked.

"I should say it would. But there's no help for it; if people have got a mind to build extensions there's no law to prevent 'em, that I'm aware of." Mrs. Manstey, knowing this, was silent. "There is no help for it," Mrs. Sampson repeated, "but if I AM a church member, I wouldn't be so sorry if it ruined Eliza Black. Well, good-day, Mrs. Manstey; I'm glad to find you so comfortable."

So comfortable--so comfortable! Left to herself the old woman turned once more to the window. How lovely the view was that day! The blue sky with its round clouds shed a brightness over everything; the ailanthus

had put on a tinge of yellow-green, the hyacinths were budding, the magnolia flowers looked more than ever like rosettes carved in alabaster. Soon the wistaria would bloom, then the horse-chestnut; but not for her. Between her eyes and them a barrier of brick and mortar would swiftly rise; presently even the spire would disappear, and all her radiant world be blotted out. Mrs. Manstey sent away untouched the dinner-tray brought to her that evening. She lingered in the window until the windy sunset died in bat-colored dusk; then, going to bed, she lay sleepless all night.

Early the next day she was up and at the window. It was raining, but even through the slanting gray gauze the scene had its charm--and then the rain was so good for the trees. She had noticed the day before that the ailanthus was growing dusty.

"Of course I might move," said Mrs. Manstey aloud, and turning from the window she looked about her room. She might move, of course; so might she be flayed alive; but she was not likely to survive either operation. The room, though far less important to her happiness than the view, was as much a part of her existence. She had lived in it seventeen years. She knew every stain on the wall-paper, every rent in the carpet; the light fell in a certain way on her engravings, her books had grown shabby on their shelves, her bulbs and ivy were used to their window and knew which way to lean to the sun. "We are all too old to move," she said.

That afternoon it cleared. Wet and radiant the blue reappeared through torn rags of cloud; the ailanthus sparkled; the earth in the flower-borders looked rich and warm. It was Thursday, and on Monday the building of the extension was to begin.

On Sunday afternoon a card was brought to Mrs. Black, as she was engaged in gathering up the fragments of the boarders' dinner in the basement. The card, black-edged, bore Mrs. Manstey's name.

"One of Mrs. Sampson's boarders; wants to move, I suppose. Well, I can give her a room next year in the extension. Dinah," said Mrs. Black, "tell the lady I'll be upstairs in a minute."

Mrs. Black found Mrs. Manstey standing in the long parlor garnished with statuettes and antimacassars; in that house she could not sit down.

Stooping hurriedly to open the register, which let out a cloud of dust, Mrs. Black advanced on her visitor.

"I'm happy to meet you, Mrs. Manstey; take a seat, please," the landlady remarked in her prosperous voice, the voice of a woman who can afford to build extensions. There was no help for it; Mrs. Manstey sat down.

"Is there anything I can do for you, ma'am?" Mrs. Black continued. "My house is full at present, but I am going to build an extension, and--"

"It is about the extension that I wish to speak," said Mrs. Manstey, suddenly. "I am a poor woman, Mrs. Black, and I have never been a happy one. I shall have to talk about myself first to--to make you understand."

Mrs. Black, astonished but imperturbable, bowed at this parenthesis.

"I never had what I wanted," Mrs. Manstey continued. "It was always one disappointment after another. For years I wanted to live in the country. I dreamed and dreamed about it; but we never could manage it. There was no sunny window in our house, and so all my plants died. My daughter married years ago and went away--besides, she never cared for the same things. Then my husband died and I was left alone. That was seventeen years ago. I went to live at Mrs. Sampson's, and I have been there ever since. I have grown a little infirm, as you see, and I don't get out often; only on fine days, if I am feeling very well. So you can understand my sitting a great deal in my window--the back window on the third floor--"

"Well, Mrs. Manstey," said Mrs. Black, liberally, "I could give you a back room, I dare say; one of the new rooms in the ex--"

"But I don't want to move; I can't move," said Mrs. Manstey, almost with a scream. "And I came to tell you that if you build that extension I shall have no view from my window--no view! Do you understand?"

Mrs. Black thought herself face to face with a lunatic, and she had always heard that lunatics must be humored.

"Dear me, dear me," she remarked, pushing her chair back a little way, "that is too bad, isn't it? Why, I never thought of that. To be sure, the extension WILL interfere with your view, Mrs. Manstey."

"You do understand?" Mrs. Manstey gasped.

"Of course I do. And I'm real sorry about it, too. But there, don't you worry, Mrs. Manstey. I guess we can fix that all right."

Mrs. Manstey rose from her seat, and Mrs. Black slipped toward the door.

"What do you mean by fixing it? Do you mean that I can induce you to change your mind about the extension? Oh, Mrs. Black, listen to me. I have two thousand dollars in the bank and I could manage, I know I could manage, to give you a thousand if--" Mrs. Manstey paused; the tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"There, there, Mrs. Manstey, don't you worry," repeated Mrs. Black, soothingly. "I am sure we can settle it. I am sorry that I can't stay and talk about it any longer, but this is such a busy time of day, with supper to get--"

Her hand was on the door-knob, but with sudden vigor Mrs. Manstey seized her wrist.

"You are not giving me a definite answer. Do you mean to say that you accept my proposition?"

"Why, I'll think it over, Mrs. Manstey, certainly I will. I wouldn't annoy you for the world--"

"But the work is to begin to-morrow, I am told," Mrs. Manstey persisted.

Mrs. Black hesitated. "It shan't begin, I promise you that; I'll send word to the builder this very night." Mrs. Manstey tightened her hold.

"You are not deceiving me, are you?" she said.

"No--no," stammered Mrs. Black. "How can you think such a thing of me, Mrs. Manstey?"

Slowly Mrs. Manstey's clutch relaxed, and she passed through the open door. "One thousand dollars," she repeated, pausing in the hall; then she let herself out of the house and hobbled down the steps, supporting herself on the cast-iron railing.

"My goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Black, shutting and bolting the hall-door, "I never knew the old woman was crazy! And she looks so quiet and ladylike, too."

Mrs. Manstey slept well that night, but early the next morning she was awakened by a sound of hammering. She got to her window with what haste she might and, looking out saw that Mrs. Black's yard was full of workmen. Some were carrying loads of brick from the kitchen to the yard, others beginning to demolish the old-fashioned wooden balcony which adorned each story of Mrs. Black's house. Mrs. Manstey saw that she had been deceived. At first she thought of confiding her trouble to Mrs. Sampson, but a settled discouragement soon took possession of her and she went back to bed, not caring to see what was going on.

Toward afternoon, however, feeling that she must know the worst, she rose and dressed herself. It was a laborious task, for her hands were stiffer than usual, and the hooks and buttons seemed to evade her.

When she seated herself in the window, she saw that the workmen had removed the upper part of the balcony, and that the bricks had

multiplied since morning. One of the men, a coarse fellow with a bloated face, picked a magnolia blossom and, after smelling it, threw it to the ground; the next man, carrying a load of bricks, trod on the flower in passing.

"Look out, Jim," called one of the men to another who was smoking a pipe, "if you throw matches around near those barrels of paper you'll have the old tinder-box burning down before you know it." And Mrs. Manstey, leaning forward, perceived that there were several barrels of paper and rubbish under the wooden balcony.

At length the work ceased and twilight fell. The sunset was perfect and a roseate light, transfiguring the distant spire, lingered late in the west. When it grew dark Mrs. Manstey drew down the shades and proceeded, in her usual methodical manner, to light her lamp. She always filled and lit it with her own hands, keeping a kettle of kerosene on a zinc-covered shelf in a closet. As the lamp-light filled the room it assumed its usual peaceful aspect. The books and pictures and plants seemed, like their mistress, to settle themselves down for another quiet evening, and Mrs. Manstey, as was her wont, drew up her armchair to the table and began to knit.

That night she could not sleep. The weather had changed and a wild wind was abroad, blotting the stars with close-driven clouds. Mrs. Manstey rose once or twice and looked out of the window; but of the view nothing was discernible save a tardy light or two in the opposite windows. These lights at last went out, and Mrs. Manstey, who had watched for their extinction, began to dress herself. She was in evident haste, for she merely flung a thin dressing-gown over her night-dress and wrapped her head in a scarf; then she opened her closet and cautiously took out the kettle of kerosene. Having slipped a bundle of wooden matches into her pocket she proceeded, with increasing precautions, to unlock her door, and a few moments later she was feeling her way down the dark staircase, led by a glimmer of gas from the lower hall. At length she reached the bottom of the stairs and began the more difficult descent into the utter darkness of the basement. Here, however, she could move more freely, as there was less danger of being overheard; and without much delay she contrived to unlock the iron door leading into the yard. A gust of cold wind smote her as she stepped out and groped shiveringly under the clothes-lines.

That morning at three o'clock an alarm of fire brought the engines to Mrs. Black's door, and also brought Mrs. Sampson's startled boarders to their windows. The wooden balcony at the back of Mrs. Black's house was ablaze, and among those who watched the progress of the flames was Mrs. Manstey, leaning in her thin dressing-gown from the open window.

The fire, however, was soon put out, and the frightened occupants of the house, who had fled in scant attire, reassembled at dawn to find that

little mischief had been done beyond the cracking of window panes and smoking of ceilings. In fact, the chief sufferer by the fire was Mrs. Manstey, who was found in the morning gasping with pneumonia, a not unnatural result, as everyone remarked, of her having hung out of an open window at her age in a dressing-gown. It was easy to see that she was very ill, but no one had guessed how grave the doctor's verdict would be, and the faces gathered that evening about Mrs. Sampson's table were awestruck and disturbed. Not that any of the boarders knew Mrs. Manstey well; she "kept to herself," as they said, and seemed to fancy herself too good for them; but then it is always disagreeable to have anyone dying in the house and, as one lady observed to another: "It might just as well have been you or me, my dear."

But it was only Mrs. Manstey; and she was dying, as she had lived, lonely if not alone. The doctor had sent a trained nurse, and Mrs. Sampson, with muffled step, came in from time to time; but both, to Mrs. Manstey, seemed remote and unsubstantial as the figures in a dream. All day she said nothing; but when she was asked for her daughter's address she shook her head. At times the nurse noticed that she seemed to be listening attentively for some sound which did not come; then again she dozed.

The next morning at daylight she was very low. The nurse called Mrs. Sampson and as the two bent over the old woman they saw her lips move.

"Lift me up--out of bed," she whispered.

They raised her in their arms, and with her stiff hand she pointed to the window.

"Oh, the window--she wants to sit in the window. She used to sit there all day," Mrs. Sampson explained. "It can do her no harm, I suppose?"

"Nothing matters now," said the nurse.

They carried Mrs. Manstey to the window and placed her in her chair. The dawn was abroad, a jubilant spring dawn; the spire had already caught a golden ray, though the magnolia and horse-chestnut still slumbered in shadow. In Mrs. Black's yard all was quiet. The charred timbers of the balcony lay where they had fallen. It was evident that since the fire the builders had not returned to their work. The magnolia had unfolded a few more sculptural flowers; the view was undisturbed.

It was hard for Mrs. Manstey to breathe; each moment it grew more difficult. She tried to make them open the window, but they would not understand. If she could have tasted the air, sweet with the penetrating ailanthus savor, it would have eased her; but the view at least was there--the spire was golden now, the heavens had warmed from pearl to blue, day was alight from east to west, even the magnolia had caught the

sun.

Mrs. Manstey's head fell back and smiling she died.

That day the building of the extension was resumed.

The End

A CONFLICT OF IDEALS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Dust of New York*, by Konrad Bercovici

In matters musical Silvio Romano is the authority of Mulberry Street.
His two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh add weight to his opinion.
When there are no customers in his shop, when he is not busy honing or
stropping his razors, he is sitting on two chairs, guitar in hand,
playing and singing to his heart's content.

Mulberry Street, "Little Italy" of the down town east side, is a very
busy street--so busy, indeed, it makes one suspicious. Young men walk up
and down the sidewalk, calling to each other; the pastry shops, wine
shops and cafés are always full of people talking about everything, and
the "barbieri" are, as they have always been, the centers of art,
literature and politics.

After Angelo, Silvio Romano's son, was drafted into the army, the
father felt the loss threefold--the son, the helper, and the flutist.
Angelo was all these to him. As a son, there was none more dutiful than
the boy. As a barber, people came from uptown to have their hair cut by
Angelo Romano; he was a real artist in his line. But as a flutist he
surpassed himself in all other qualities. All musical disputes were
quickly settled by Romano's calling upon his son to illustrate the
particular passages in dispute, of "Lucia de Lammermoor" or "Il Barbiere
de Sevilla." And Angelo would leave the half-shaved customer in the
chair to do his filial duty--to uphold the older Romano's authority.

The duos father and son played together were the joy of the
neighborhood, ten blocks around. The select ones--Luigi the banker,
Marino the olive oil dealer, and other "notables"--sat inside the shop
smoking their cigars, while ordinary folk stood outside near the window.
Young couples sat on the door sill, holding hands and humming softly
the tunes played inside. The duo finished, Mulberry Street applauded
generously. And when Mulberry Street applauds, even the Manhattan Bridge
shakes from the concussion.

Angelo gone, Romano suffered tremendously. But he had to engage help.

There was none to be found, so he inserted the following advertisement in an Italian daily newspaper:

"Artist barber wanted in a first-class tonsorial parlor. One with musical talents preferred."

A week later, Salvatore Gonfarone, disliking to return to his former shop because he was exempted from military service on account of an infirmity of which he had not previously been aware, applied for the job.

The place made no impression on him. It was not like the one he had abandoned. He would not have accepted it; but while he was talking with his prospective employer, Rosita, Silvio's daughter, entered the shop. Salvatore's heart was struck. Thumb and forefinger of the left hand rose to curl his little black mustache, while the right palm met the open hand of Romano. "Sta bene, signore!" And there and then he donned the newly laundered white jacket which Angelo used to wear.

Rosita only came to see whether any mail had arrived. She disappeared as quickly as she came. Romano sat in the chair to give Salvatore a trial. It was a dream! or, as Romano himself said to his wife about the new helper's razor hand, "as light as a gentle breeze." Indeed, he was so pleased with the young man's work that he forgot to inquire about his musical abilities.

Silvio Romano was due for a surprise; that same evening Salvatore sang in a most beautiful mellow baritone voice an aria from "Rigoletto." Romano's fingers struck the tense strings of his guitar with vigor. The old Italian was happy.

Banker and grocer and the other "notabili" came again, and the sidewalk was so crowded with people the policeman on the beat thought Mulberry Street feuds were aflame.

But the greatest triumph of Salvatore was yet to come. Rosita in her best blue silk dress, and Madame Romano herself, entered the shop. The young girl stood timidly in a corner, the Latin impulsiveness checked by her American training. The introduction was not slow to come, and in a few well-chosen words Salvatore paid his compliments to both mother and daughter.

In a few days the news of Romano's great find spread all over town. The two men got to be so busy there was no time to sing and play during the day. Rosita, red flower in her thick raven hair, visited the shop quite frequently. Her black eyes spoke quite distinctly, and once Salvatore even thought she mimicked a kiss to him. But there was no chance to say a word. Silvio Romano began to make plans for a third chair.

The evenings were gorgeous. Salvatore sang "like a god."

Springtime in Mulberry Street is like nowhere else. It finds there a most receptive mood, and there is no sweeter perfume in any flower than the odor wafted by human happiness--as though every inhabitant carried in his bosom the gardens of Tuscany. It is primavera--the primavera of the Italy of Parma violets and lush red roses.

Salvatore Gonfarone pined away in his desire to speak to Rosita. But youth, love and luck are on very friendly terms.

Silvio Romano took sick one day--nothing very serious, a toothache. Salvatore was not going to lose his chance. When Rosita came to the shop he kissed her.

"Oh, Salvatore!"

"Oh, Rosita mio!"

It was just two weeks after they had first seen each other. Rosita made it her business to come ten times that day. A few cuts on the faces of customers bore witness to the young man's distraction.

The next day Romano, feeling much better, was in the shop again.

Toward noon there was an idle hour, and the two men sat down to talk music. It soon developed into a quarrel. Romano was an admirer of the old Italian school of Rossini and Donizetti; Salvatore Gonfarone bowed at the shrine of Verdi and Puccini.

"Pah! Rossini was nothing but a----"

"Basta, Signor! Rossini was the greatest master. Your Puccinis are nothing but noise makers."

"And you love Rossini only because you can play his things on the guitar."

It was a very insolent remark! Silvio Romano checked himself with difficulty. To dispute his musical authority so sneeringly was the height of impudence. But Salvatore was such a good barber! Romano let go a cutting answer:

"And you love Puccini because he gives you the opportunity to shout stupid arias."

Some customers interrupted the dispute.

During the next few hours Salvatore thought how to evade a disaster with

the father of Rosita. He loved the girl; yesterday's kisses were still on his lips. Yet he could not, on account of that, change his musical opinions! The idea of the old wire plucker! Let him stick to his Rossini and Donizetti as much as he wants to, but not impose such ideas on him, on Salvatore Gonfarone, who knew more about music than a hundred Romanos!

It was a hard battle between love and artistic ideals.

Silvio Romano was terribly incensed. Several times he made up his mind to tell the youth they had reached the parting point. To dare sneer at Rossini! Rossini, the greatest master of them all--the god of music! let alone Donizetti--it was nothing less than sacrilege.

After those thoughts had had their sway, more practical ones presented themselves. Romano thought of the difficulty to find another man. Salvatore was such a good barber!

A hard battle between business and artistic ideals, indeed!

There was no music that evening, because there was no harmony between the two.

The banker and the other "notabili" came, in vain.

Salvatore took his hat and cane, and saying very politely, "Buona sera," he left the shop.

"What's the trouble with Salvatore?" they all asked.

"He is crazy," Romano answered. They understood something had gone wrong between the two, so the talk was switched on the war.

Rosita came and turned pale when she did not see the young man. The absence of his hat and cane caused the girl despair.

Said the banker to Romano at parting:

"If it's a question of a few dollars more a week, I would advise you---"

"Nothing of the kind, banchiere. Money means nothing to me. I have ideals, high ideals, which this impudent---Think of that! To dare sneer at Rossini! Il grande maestro! The compositore of the 'Barbiere de Sevilla,' and many another capo d'opera. He will have to apologize, or I never want to see him again!"

"Yes, yes," the banker insisted--"youth is impudent, but Salvatore's razor hand and his voice bring business."

"It means nothing to me. He will have to apologize if he wants to work in my shop."

The next day, Saturday, the two artists were too busy to talk music. Fire hung between them. Rosita came in early, all flushed, and sent Salvatore a meaning-full glance. Romano ordered her out very gruffly. Salvatore was mad with anger. How dare this Rossini fanatic speak to Rosita, to his beautiful Rosita, in such a way!

She did not return the whole day.

In the evening Salvatore again made ready to go. He had planned to leave definitely, and find some "sub rosa" way to speak to Rosita. Yet he changed his mind at the last minute. There was danger. He could not lose the girl. He decided to bide his time.

He had hardly started to take off the white jacket when Romano spoke to him.

"Young man, you will have to apologize or leave my shop for good. It is true you are a very good barber, an artist, and I was ready to increase your wages of my own good will. But I have ideals. You have insulted my masters--my great masters----"

Romano's voice quivered with emotion. His eyes were moist. He was deeply grieved. It touched Salvatore as nothing ever did. Throwing both arms around the old man's neck, he kissed him, crying:

"Silvio Romano, soul of an artist! amo d'artiste! I love you, I honor you. But I too have artistic ideals. I love Rosita--but you will not permit that I debase myself, that I lie to you for her sake?"

Both men cried.

They never again talked about the different masters; instead, they played their music nightly. And after a time, they occasionally bowed each at the other's shrine.

NEW YORK DESTROYED AGAIN!

The Project Gutenberg eBook of *The Fantasy Fan*, Volume 2, Number 1,
September 1934, by Charles D. Hornig

by Bob Tucker

Once more New York City is destroyed! For decades, this has been the delight of science fiction authors. You must either destroy or attack New York before you can become a famous science fiction writer.

The first account of the destruction of New York is given in "The End of New York" by Park Benjamin, published around 1890.

Of recent times, Ray Cummings has probably destroyed it more often than anyone else. He takes a crack at it (and a good one, too!) in his "White Invaders" (Dec, 1931 Astounding).

In the following issue, Arthur J. Burks sets his ape loose in it ("Man-ape the Mighty"), and in February, Cummings is back again with "Wandl, the Invader," which brings the enemy right into the big city.

C. D. Simak almost gets into town with his "Hellhounds of the Cosmos" but something happens to prevent them. Maybe he has some sympathy for the old burg. But the March 1933 Astounding makes up for it by destroying it (in part) twice!

Arthur J. Burks in his "Lord of the Stratosphere" and "Monsters of Moyen" just tears it all to pieces and Wallace West puts everyone to sleep in "The End of Tyme," as does Dr. Keller in his "Sleeping War." Marius covers it with an ice-berg in his "Sixth Glacier," and Isaac R. Nathanson burns it up with a comet in "The Passing Star."

Going to Weird Tales, Edmond (World-Saver) Hamilton musses it all up with a crazy man in "The Man Who Conquered Age," in the Dec., 1932 issue and in the next month Murray Leinster has his "Monsters" tramping through it.

A particular delight, of late, is tearing up the Empire State Building. The builders would groan with agony, if they could read some of the tales wherein their work is smashed in three seconds flat!

The movies have had their share in destroying New York, too. "King Kong" does some fancy exterior decorating, and in "Men Must Fight" it is bombed.

So, remember, if you are not an author, but hope to be one, destroy New York City in your first story, and you will be on the road to fame in no time!

INVESTING IN A HUSBAND

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sketches of Gotham*, by Ike Swift

Money makes the mare go.

Sure.

That is, sometimes, if it's the right kind of a mare and there is enough money.

Take out all the "ifs" and "buts" and it will be all right.

The world began with a man, Adam, and the woman came later, but the finish will be different, for there will be a woman in the last ditch giving or ready to give the avenging angel the stiffest kind of an argument.

This story differs from the Creation in that it begins with a woman, as all stories of to-day should. And why not? for take the lady out of the case and there's no story and never will be. The slim finger of a woman, you know, is in every pie. Sometimes it improves the flavor and sometimes it spoils it--that's a matter of luck--and there are men who have tried pies or many fingers, whichever simile you prefer, and the result in their cases is always the same.

The girl in this story had birth, and blood, and breeding behind her. She also had good looks and a little money, and that is about all that anyone wants. Add to that a fairly nice disposition and you have reached the limit.

Of course, she wasn't perfect by any means. She was a bit whimsical and peculiar, and her moods were as apparent as the moving pictures thrown on a sheet in the theatre. She was unusual in that her moods were reflected in her face with all the truthfulness of a mirror. That was the reason that some said she was good-looking, while others contended that she was most ordinary. Take her as I've often seen her, when she was cheerful and happy-go-lucky, and while there was nothing about her features that was regular she was attractive enough for anyone, and she could make a good many young fellows turn their heads to look after her as she passed down the street.

Then again something would happen, and she would seem to age ten years in as many hours, and a crop of deep lines and wrinkles would spring out like magic. But she had magnetism, and she was forever standing at the fork of two roads, one of which led to good and the other to bad.

To her it was the toss of a coin which one she would take.

It was while she was in a thoughtful mood, debating with herself, that the man came along. There's an apology goes with that, for he hadn't a vote yet, and he was very youthful in his ways and of that age where a youngster is apt to tell more than is good for him, and to stray from the field of fact. Of course, it's not a crime--it's only a period.

With his red cheeks and baby complexion he looked like a cross between a stick of peppermint candy and one of Raphael's cherubs. He was as pretty a piece of embroidery as ever asked his mother for spending money, and when the girl saw him she immediately threw out a line and took him in tow. Inside of twenty-four hours she had her monogram indelibly stamped on him, and he was hers. Hand in hand they went out to see the world and become real sports, and it wasn't long before wine was the limit and it wasn't half good enough at that. They left a lurid streak up and down the line, but it soon faded out, for they weren't financially strong enough to make a splash that would attract any more attention than a pair of tiny gold fish in a two-dollar aquarium.

After all, it amounts to nothing more or less than a question of capacity--stomach as well as purse, and it is rarely that the two harmonize. The man with the yard-wide thirst is often handicapped by a purse with complete or partial paralysis.

And then these two fell in with other company in the shape of a man and woman whose nuptials had been attended by incidents of a more or less exciting character, the star part of which was an elopement which savored more of desire than genius in its arrangements. They had succeeded so well in their new venture that they owned the entire contents of a flat across the river in Jersey, and being still in the throes of love themselves--or thinking they were--they were headquarters for everything that seemed like an affair of the heart. Some who were not their friends were unkind enough to say that it was nothing more nor less than a case of misery loving company, and that being on the coals themselves this couple enjoyed leading others to the broiler. But that's unkind and really ought not to be believed.

However, many a racket came off in the flat, and they all went as hot a pace as wind and weather permitted, until even a rank outsider would have said it was time for a minister to get on the job and do what he could to make things legal.

The cork popped from a bottle of wine and the juice of the grape sizzled out.

"What do you say, Kid, let's get married?"

"All right, I'm game if you are; you can't phaze me," she said.

“Well, how about to-night?”

“The sooner the better.”

Talk about quick action, it was here with a vengeance.

Four people on a ferryboat, then an elevated railroad and the ringing of a minister’s door bell.

It’s all very simple.

The dinner afterward in a cafe, very informal, you know, to harmonize with the ceremony, with a couple of quarts for luck sandwiched in by cocktails and highballs; then a few brief telegrams:

“Married to-night; wish us luck;” you know the rest.

It was all right, after all, apparently, and everybody did wish them luck, even if there were a few bad spots in the job. But, you see, they suited themselves and there was no one else to be taken into consideration, not even the relatives. This going around and holding consultations in advance is no good, and people who are in love or who think they are in love don’t want advice of any kind, except the kind that rings the door bell of a minister’s hut or buys a wedding ring and sends it with the words:

“Get busy before it is too late.”

I’m no critic, and I don’t pretend to criticise here. I’m simply telling a story which may or may not be true, but I’m not going to be responsible for it any more than the man who rents a place and plants flowers in the garden is responsible for the architecture of the house on the premises.

It is said that the bride in this case was kind enough to supply the funds for the honeymoon, while the nice boy supplied the beauty and called it even. In the eyes of the lady it seems a fair enough proposition, but harsh things are liable to be said of such a combination, even though it is no one’s business.

When they returned from the fields of fruits and flowers the boy had made up his mind, like the Count Boni de Castellane, that being a husband was much better than holding down a job in an office, and so they settled in New York like a pair of pigeons after a long flight. He had no more idea of the responsibilities of married life than a six-months’-old infant has of playing the races. With a place to sleep and a feed bag always ready for his face he was satisfied, but that was because of his youth. You see, marrying from the cradle has both its

advantages and its drawbacks, according to the way you look at it.

For him every morning was Christmas, and the tree was always fixed up with something nice with his name on it. Do you blame him for looking pleasant? Press the button for a dollar, press it twice and you get five. Just as easy as drawing money out of the bank when you have a check book.

But with all going out and nothing coming in it doesn't last long, and when he had swept up all the spare change in sight he began to cast his covetous eye upon the big bundle that was tied up with a woolen string.

He knew something about the racing game--just enough to get stung when the time came--and he knew a man who was good enough to offer him a half interest in a racing mare that had been kept under cover for a year or so, but who could, if she was let out, beat anything that ever wore pigskin. To that infantile mind of his this was the one great chance of a lifetime and the thousand-dollar bill was the key which would unlock the door to wealth.

Money without working for it.

Why it was a pipe. Besides, it made a beautiful and alluring tale for the bride, who had reached that stage where she didn't want her boy away from her, not even for a minute. With the thousand he would make the initial investment, and with the rest of the bank roll he would bet. With paper and pencils they sat at the table one night and rolled up two thousand to the fortune of a Rockefeller.

How easy it is to make money that way. All you have to do is to begin with any amount, even a penny, and if your pencil holds out you'll have a million in less than no time, but you can't buy anything with it--there's the trouble. The man in the insane asylum who imagined that every stone in the construction of the building was of pure gold and that it belonged to him was just as rich in his own mind as the wealthiest human being in the world--and happier, too, I'll bet you.

They planned it all out, even to the trip to Europe on the winnings of the first big race, for she would carry odds of not less than 20 to 1, because she was unknown.

A little trip down to the bank and out came the money in brand new bills that were very good to look at.

So the first step was taken, and the boy made up his mind that he had turned his back forever upon such things as ten-dollar-a-week jobs.

It doesn't require any ingenuity or brains for a man to separate himself from such things as thousand-dollar bills--in fact it's quite

easy. Consequently it didn't require any brain work on the part of the boy to deplete the account by just that amount within a very short time. For his new bill he received in return a slip of paper which stated that he was the half owner of the racing mare known as Blue Monday, and that in consideration of his paying one-half of the training expenses of the said mare he was to be entitled to one-half of the winnings, less jockey fees and other incidentals.

To him it sounded beautiful and it took not less than one quart to celebrate this new business venture--paid for by the lady, of course, but still, in view of the fact that they were one, it was all right.

Then there began to come to him via the U. S. Mail, certain sundry statements concerning the expenses of putting this fine bit of horse flesh into the proper condition to bring home the money, and the request for immediate remittance. There was variety enough about these statements, too, to satisfy the most fastidious, and the amounts ranged all the way from six dollars and fifty cents to an even hundred. The clever mind of the bride took in the situation at a glance, but the faith of the optimistic kid held as fast as a ship's anchor to a rock ledge, and he could see nothing but success in the near future.

You know there is never a day so far away that it doesn't come at last. So it was that the day of the long expected race arrived and down deep in the trousers pockets of the Pink Cheeked One was \$150, the last shot in the locker.

"It's all right, Kid," he said to her. "It's just as I thought, she's a twenty-five to one shot, and I'm going to plank every cent down. At those odds we'll take home with us \$3,750, and I guess that'll hold us for awhile. How about it?"

"But suppose she doesn't win?"

"Doesn't win? What's the matter with you--are you getting cold feet? How can she lose? Didn't we clock her this morning on the try-out and didn't she beat the track time? Wait till you know more about this game and you'll see where I'm right."

I don't know much more about it than that, but the files of papers of that date show me that Blue Monday, mare, 3-year-old, was entered for the Seaside stakes of \$1,500, at odds of 25 to 1; there was a good start, with her in the lead. At the quarter she had fallen back to fourth, at the half she had crept up until she lapped the second horse.

She finished seventh.

I should say that blue-eyed boy was looking for a job the next day, but I'm not fortune teller enough to know whether he connected or not.

THE ITALIAN IN NEW YORK.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *How the Other Half Lives*, by Jacob A. Riis

Certainly a picturesque, if not very tidy, element has been added to the population in the "assisted" Italian immigrant who claims so large a share of public attention, partly because he keeps coming at such a tremendous rate, but chiefly because he elects to stay in New York, or near enough for it to serve as his base of operations, and here promptly reproduces conditions of destitution and disorder which, set in the frame-work of Mediterranean exuberance, are the delight of the artist, but in a matter-of-fact American community become its danger and reproach. The reproduction is made easier in New York because he finds the material ready to hand in the worst of the slum tenements; but even where it is not he soon reduces what he does find to his own level, if allowed to follow his natural bent.[7] The Italian comes in at the bottom, and in the generation that came over the sea he stays there. In the slums he is welcomed as a tenant who "makes less trouble" than the contentious Irishman or the order-loving German, that is to say: is content to live in a pig-sty and submits to robbery at the hands of the rent-collector without murmur. Yet this very tractability makes of him in good hands, when firmly and intelligently managed, a really desirable tenant. But it is not his good fortune often to fall in with other hospitality upon his coming than that which brought him here for its own profit, and has no idea of letting go its grip upon him as long as there is a cent to be made out of him.

[Footnote 7: The process can be observed in the Italian tenements in Harlem (Little Italy), which, since their occupation by these people, have been gradually sinking to the slum level.]

Recent Congressional inquiries have shown the nature of the "assistance" he receives from greedy steamship agents and "bankers," who persuade him by false promises to mortgage his home, his few belongings, and his wages for months to come for a ticket to the land where plenty of work is to be had at princely wages. The padrone--the "banker," is nothing else--having made his ten per cent. out of him en route, receives him at the landing and turns him to double account as a wage-earner and a rent-payer. In each of these rôles he is made to yield a profit to his unscrupulous countryman, whom he trusts implicitly with the instinct of utter helplessness. The man is so ignorant that, as one of the sharpers who prey upon him put it once, it "would be downright sinful not to take him in." His ignorance and unconquerable suspicion of strangers dig the pit into which he falls. He not only knows no word of English, but he does not know enough to learn. Rarely only can he write his own language. Unlike the German,

who begins learning English the day he lands as a matter of duty, or the Polish Jew, who takes it up as soon as he is able as an investment, the Italian learns slowly, if at all. Even his boy, born here, often speaks his native tongue indifferently. He is forced, therefore, to have constant recourse to the middle-man, who makes him pay handsomely at every turn. He hires him out to the railroad contractor, receiving a commission from the employer as well as from the laborer, and repeats the performance monthly, or as often as he can have him dismissed. In the city he contracts for his lodging, subletting to him space in the vilest tenements at extortionate rents, and sets an example that does not lack imitators. The "princely wages" have vanished with his coming, and in their place hardships and a dollar a day, beheft with the padrone's merciless mortgage, confront him. Bred to even worse fare, he takes both as a matter of course, and, applying the maxim that it is not what one makes but what he saves that makes him rich, manages to turn the very dirt of the streets into a hoard of gold, with which he either returns to his Southern home, or brings over his family to join in his work and in his fortunes the next season.

The discovery was made by earlier explorers that there is money in New York's ash-barrel, but it was left to the genius of the padrone to develop the full resources of the mine that has become the exclusive preserve of the Italian immigrant. Only a few years ago, when rag-picking was carried on in a desultory and irresponsible sort of way, the city hired gangs of men to trim the ash-scows before they were sent out to sea. The trimming consisted in levelling out the dirt as it was dumped from the carts, so that the scow might be evenly loaded. The men were paid a dollar and a half a day, kept what they found that was worth having, and allowed the swarms of Italians who hung about the dumps to do the heavy work for them, letting them have their pick of the loads for their trouble. To-day Italians contract for the work, paying large sums to be permitted to do it. The city received not less than \$80,000 last year for the sale of this privilege to the contractors, who in addition have to pay gangs of their countrymen for sorting out the bones, rags, tin cans and other waste that are found in the ashes and form the staples of their trade and their sources of revenue. The effect has been vastly to increase the power of the padrone, or his ally, the contractor, by giving him exclusive control of the one industry in which the Italian was formerly an independent "dealer," and reducing him literally to the plane of the dump. Whenever the back of the sanitary police is turned, he will make his home in the filthy burrows where he works by day, sleeping and eating his meals under the dump, on the edge of slimy depths and amid surroundings full of unutterable horror. The city did not bargain to house, though it is content to board, him so long as he can make the ash-barrels yield the food to keep him alive, and a vigorous campaign is carried on at intervals against these unlicensed dump settlements; but the temptation of having to pay no rent is too strong, and they are driven from one dump only to find lodgement under another a few blocks farther up or

down the river. The fiercest warfare is waged over the patronage of the dumps by rival factions represented by opposing contractors, and it has happened that the defeated party has endeavored to capture by strategy what he failed to carry by assault. It augurs unsuspected adaptability in the Italian to our system of self-government that these rivalries have more than once been suspected of being behind the sharpening of city ordinances, that were apparently made in good faith to prevent meddling with the refuse in the ash-barrels or in transit.

Did the Italian always adapt himself as readily to the operation of the civil law as to the manipulation of political "pull" on occasion, he would save himself a good deal of unnecessary trouble. Ordinarily he is easily enough governed by authority--always excepting Sunday, when he settles down to a game of cards and lets loose all his bad passions.

Like the Chinese, the Italian is a born gambler. His soul is in the game from the moment the cards are on the table, and very frequently his knife is in it too before the game is ended. No Sunday has passed in New York since "the Bend" became a suburb of Naples without one or more of these murderous affrays coming to the notice of the police. As a rule that happens only when the man the game went against is either dead or so badly wounded as to require instant surgical help. As to the other, unless he be caught red-handed, the chances that the police will ever get him are slim indeed. The wounded man can seldom be persuaded to betray him. He wards off all inquiries with a wicked "I fix him myself," and there the matter rests until he either dies or recovers. If the latter, the community hears after a while of another Italian affray, a man stabbed in a quarrel, dead or dying, and the police know that "he" has been fixed, and the account squared.

With all his conspicuous faults, the swarthy Italian immigrant has his redeeming traits. He is as honest as he is hot-headed. There are no Italian burglars in the Rogues' Gallery; the ex-brigand toils peacefully with pickaxe and shovel on American ground. His boy occasionally shows, as a pick-pocket, the results of his training with the toughs of the Sixth Ward slums. The only criminal business to which the father occasionally lends his hand, outside of murder, is a bunco game, of which his confiding countrymen, returning with their hoard to their native land, are the victims. The women are faithful wives and devoted mothers. Their vivid and picturesque costumes lend a tinge of color to the otherwise dull monotony of the slums they inhabit. The Italian is gay, light-hearted and, if his fur is not stroked the wrong way, inoffensive as a child. His worst offence is that he keeps the stale-beer dives. Where his headquarters is, in the Mulberry Street Bend, these vile dens flourish and gather about them all the wrecks, the utterly wretched, the hopelessly lost, on the lowest slope of depraved humanity. And out of their misery he makes a profit.

EDITH WHARTON

The Project Gutenberg eBook of *The Women Who Make Our Novels*, by Grant M. Overton

The order of authors in this book is accidental and the circumstance that the first chapter of the book is upon Edith Wharton is also accidental, also and therefore; which is to say that it is not accidental at all. For if there is any lesson which life teaches us it is the existence of an order, a plan, in unsuspected places. To say, therefore, that a thing is accidental is to pay it the most glorious compliment. It is to say that it is ordered or ordained, decreed, immutably fixed upon from the Beginning--not of a book but of a Universe. There is about anything accidental something absolutely divine. To dart off at a tangent (for a mere moment) there was this much in the divine right of kings--an accident at the beginning of it. Had the kings contented themselves with this accidental character, had they preserved the spontaneity that surrounded the first of their crowd, there would be more of them left! But such reflections and the working out of them, a pleasurable kind of intellectual counterpoint, may be left to Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

We are concerned wholly with the women who make our novels and, by the accident of title if you like, more with the women than with their novels. The two are no more perfectly separable than milk and cream and very often the best thing to do is not to try to separate them, but rather to stir them up together. As the only excuses for a book--other than a work of fiction--are either that it presents facts or suggests ideas, we shall try to talk rather simply (much more simply than in our first paragraph of this chapter) about American women novelists and their books--simply and honestly. If we say little about "literature" it is because what is usually described as literature is nothing better than a pale reflection of life.

Edith Wharton comes first in this book that she may the better stand alone. She has always stood alone. The distinguishing thing about her is the distinguishing thing about her work--aloneness, which is not the same thing as aloofness. She is not aloof. At 56 she is working in France, doing that which her hand finds to do. Her aloneness arises from the facts of her life. Never were so many favoring stars clustered together as for her when she was born. She had everything.

She was born in New York (item 1) in 1862, Edith Newbold Jones, the daughter of Frederic Jones and Lucretia Stevens Rhinelander Jones (item 2). She was educated at home (item 3) and was married to Edward Wharton of Boston in 1885 (item 4--no! countless items of luck had already intervened!). In other words, Mrs. Wharton, granddaughter of General Ebenezer Stevens of Revolutionary fame, came of distinguished family,

was the child of extremely well-to-do parents, had every advantage that careful instruction, generous travel and cultivated surroundings could confer upon her. Much of her life has been spent in Italy; a perfect acquaintance with great painting and architecture, everywhere so discernible in her work, has always with her been the customary thing. Private tutors in America and abroad spared her the leveling processes of forty lines of Virgil a day and ten mathematical sums each night. They touched her as a sculptor touches his clay, firmly and caressingly and only to bring out her peculiar excellences, only to help her native genius to expression. Think of it--Italy and all the other rich backgrounds, means, social position, fine traditions, the right surroundings, the right mentors, the right tastes and a considerable gift to begin with! What a mold! It is exquisite, perhaps unmatched in the instance of any other novelist. It is what we dream of for genius and it is what genius would smash to fragments! The very fact that Mrs. Wharton had a mold is the best evidence that she is not a genius in the most discriminating sense of a most indiscriminately used word.

She is not a genius but she moves and always has moved in a world of geniuses. From childhood she had, of course, an easy familiarity with French, German and Italian. The ordinary bounds upon reading--the only way of keeping the company of the supremely great of earth--were thus swept a measureless distance away. French, German and Italian as well as English literature were accessible to her--and the French includes the Russian, of course. She read widely and we are told that "when she came upon Goethe she was more prepared than the average to take to heart his counsels of perfection and reach after a high and effective culture!" Reach? Not upward, surely; there was nothing above her. Outward, perhaps. At any rate, here was Mrs. Wharton in the actual presence and company of a genius if ever there lived one. It is agonizing to think what Goethe would have said were he alive these days. He would have said the supremely scathing thing, the thing that would have withered forever the moral cancer of his countrymen, and we cannot articulate it. A magical mind and a magical tongue and a magical pen--Goethe. He was always saying sesame. We, who have not his genius, have to batter down the barred door.

It is to Goethe above all other literary influence that Mrs. Wharton feels indebted. Strike out the word "literary." The influence of Goethe is not a literary influence, but an influence proceeding directly from the heart of life itself. What sort of an influence is it? High, pure, clean and yet human. Intangible, too; about all you really can say of it is that it is like the company of some people who bring out all the best that is in you. They do not put into you anything new. They draw you out, or rather, they draw something out of you. At the risk of shocking the fastidious reader and to the joy of the literally-minded we may say that they are the spiritual equivalent of the mustard plaster. They have an equal drawing power and efficacy, but they do not draw out the ache but the great glow and spirit which are the incontestable proof of

the existence in the human soul of something immortal.

Mrs. Wharton read widely, as we say, and she read in the main "standard" fiction. Her taste is for George Eliot and the ethical teachings of that earlier woman novelist. Her taste is equally for Gustave Flaubert, the "craftsman's master," the writer who teaches writers how to write. You learn the innermost secrets of your writing craft from Flaubert and then you put aside everything you have learned from the master and learn from life. Balzac, Thackeray, Dickens and Meredith have been Mrs. Wharton's steady diet; she has re-read them so often as repeatedly and contentedly to fall into arrears with respect to current fiction. She has had always a great interest in biology and in whatever touches upon the history of human thought. This, in brief, is the substance of Edith Wharton the woman and the background of Edith Wharton the novelist.

We shall not discuss Mrs. Wharton's books in detail in this chapter and book for the best of reasons--they leave no room for two opinions of her work. Of almost no other novelist whom we shall consider would it be possible to say this; indeed of some American women novelists there are nearer twenty-two than two opinions. Some writers, like Gertrude Atherton, are subjects of perpetual controversy; others are the cause of wide but sharply defined cleavages of opinion--Gene Stratton-Porter, for example. The work of still others is more properly matter for speculation as to what they may do than estimate of what they have done. But Mrs. Wharton falls in none of these classifications. There is only one opinion about her work: it is excellent but lifeless; it is Greek marble with no Pygmalion near. From this sweeping verdict three--and only three--of her books are to be excepted. They are Ethan Frome and The House of Mirth and Summer. In these three books you can feel the pulse beat. In Ethan Frome the pulse is the feeble quiver of the crushed and dying human heart; in The House of Mirth there is the slow throb of human suffering and anguish, mental no less than spiritual; in Summer there is the excited and accelerated vibration of human passion.

It will be taken as a very dogmatic piece of business on our part when we say that her work leaves no room for two opinions. Was there ever a bit of writing, some will ask, which could not give birth in the minds of readers to more than one opinion? Often, indeed, twin opinions are born to the same reader!

We must answer that here and hereafter we are dealing with easily ascertainable facts and not indulging in criticism. Mrs. Wharton's work leaves room for only one opinion simply because those who might form another opinion do not read her. And those who do not read her take their opinions from those who do and then, following the instinct of our natures, declare (quite honestly) the borrowed opinion as their own. Our real audacity consists in the assertion, implied in what we have said, that of all the thousands who read Mrs. Wharton not one believes in his

heart for one solitary instant that the mass of her fiction is alive. They look upon her work as they look upon the Winged Victory; it is ravishingly beautiful, it has perfection of form, it has every attribute of beauty possible of attainment by the consummate artist, but it has also the severe limitations of any form of art.

We must pause here a moment to be emphatic. Art is not life and never can be. Life is not art and never can be. This is just as true of writing as of painting or sculpture. All art is necessarily dead. All art is necessarily a representation of life or some aspect of it. The moment a person begins to paint or to model or to write and allow himself to think of any kind of art in what he is doing, he goes into a fourth dimension--and life exists in only three dimensions. This is not to say that art is undesirable; it is highly desirable, is, in fact, almost as necessary to our souls as a fourth dimension is to the mathematician. The fourth dimension is a spiritual necessity to the mathematician; it is the future life in the terms of his trade.

And so, if a writer would keep life in what he writes, he must not think of art at all. He must not have any of the artist's special preoccupations. He must go at his writing just as he would go at living. If he could keep self-consciousness of what he is doing or trying to do entirely out of his work he would succeed completely. And succeed completely he never does. How nearly he can come to complete success we know from some of Kipling, O. Henry, most of Conrad, one book of Thomas Hardy's--we name a few modern writers just for the sake of specific illustration and illustration instantly familiar to any reader of this book.

Mrs. Wharton is sometimes spoken of as a pupil of Henry James, and the resemblance is strong in some of her work to that of James, but she is not his pupil. It is simply a case of the similar products of largely similar inheritances and environment. Both these writers were from birth well-to-do, both had exceptional education and lived and moved in cultivated surroundings. Their endowments were not unlike though more disparate than their circumstances. James had a greater gift and ruined it more completely. The Portrait of a Lady is the everlasting witness of what he might have done by the fact of what, in that superb novel, he did do. Ethan Frome, The House of Mirth and Summer are all inferior to The Portrait of a Lady and all superior to James's later work.

If any one tells you otherwise it is because he is thinking in terms of art and not in terms of life. And some will tell you otherwise, for the world never has lacked those to whom art was more than life just as the world has never lacked those to whom a future life was more than the life of this earth. With these we have no quarrel; we can but respect them; God made them so. It takes all kinds of people, we agree, to make a world; if that is so, manifestly it takes all kinds of views to get

the true view. In any triangle the sum of all three angles is equal to two right angles. If, therefore, one of the angles of the triangle is a right angle, the sum of the other two will equal a right angle. The angle of outlook which sees only the artistry in a piece of literary work added to the angle of outlook which sees only the livingness in the same work may make the right angle which we all aspire to look from.

BOOKS BY EDITH WHARTON

- _The Greater Inclination_, 1899.
- _The Touchstone_, 1900.
- _Crucial Instances_, 1901.
- _The Valley of Decision_, 1902.
- _Sanctuary_, 1903.
- _The Descent of Man, and Other Stories_, 1904.
- _Italian Villas and Their Gardens_, 1904.
- _Italian Backgrounds_, 1905.
- _The House of Mirth_, 1905.
- _Madame de Treymes_, 1907.
- _The Fruit of the Tree_, 1907.
- _The Hermit and the Wild Woman_, 1908.
- _A Motor-Flight Through France_, 1908.
- _Artemis to Actæon and Other Verse_, 1909.
- _Tales of Men and Ghosts_, 1910.
- _The Reef_, 1912.
- _The Custom of the Country_, 1913.
- _The Book of the Homeless_, 1915.
- _Fighting France_, 1915.
- _Ethan Frome._
- _The Decoration of Houses._
- _The Joy of Living._
- _Xingu and Other Stories._
- _Summer_, 1917.
- _The Marne_, 1918.
- _French Ways and Their Meaning_, 1919.
- _The Age of Innocence_, 1920.
- _The Glimpses of the Moon_, 1922.

The Reef, Summer, The Marne, French Ways and Their Meaning, The Age of Innocence, and The Glimpses of the Moon were published by D. Appleton & Company, New York; Mrs. Wharton's other books were published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

THE ANATOMY OF MANHATTAN

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Pipefuls*, by Christopher Morley

She is the only city whose lovers live always in a mood of wonder and expectancy. There are others where one may sink peacefully, contentedly into the life of the town, affectionate and understanding of its ways. But she, the woman city, who is bold enough to say he understands her? The secret of her thrilling and inscrutable appeal has never been told. How could it be? She has always been so much greater than any one who has lived with her. (Shall we mention Walt Whitman as the only possible exception? O. Henry came very near to her, but did he not melodramatize her a little, sometimes cheapen her by his epigrammatic appraisal, fit her too neatly into his plot? Kipling seemed to see her only as the brutal, heedless wanton.) Truly the magic of her spell can never be exacted. She changes too rapidly, day by day. Realism, as they call it, can never catch the boundaries of her pearly beauty. She needs a mystic.

No city so challenges and debilitates the imagination. Here, where wonder is a daily companion, desire to tell her our ecstasy becomes at last only a faint pain in the mind. If you would mute a poet's lyre, put him on a ferry from Jersey City some silver April morning; or send him aboard at Liberty Street in an October dusk. Poor soul, his mind will buzz (for years to come) after adequate speech to tell those cliffs and scarps, amethyst and lilac in the mingled light; the clear topaz chequer of window panes; the dull bluish olive of the river, streaked and crinkled with the churn of the screw! Many a poet has come to her in the wooing passion. Give him six months, he is merely her Platonist. He lives content with placid companionship. Where are his adjectives, his verbs? That inward knot of amazement, what speech can unravel it?

Her air, when it is typical, is light, dry, cool. It is pale, it is faintly tinctured with pearl and opal. Heaven is unbelievably remote; the city itself daring so high, heaven lifts in a cautious remove. Light and shadow are fantastically banded, striped, and patchworked among her cavern streets; a cool, deep gloom is cut across with fierce jags and blinks of brightness. She smiles upon man who takes his ease in her colossal companionship. Her clean soaring perpendiculars call the eye upward. One wanders as a botanist in a tropical forest. That great smooth groinery of the Pennsylvania Station train shed: is it not the arching fronds of iron palm trees? Oh, to be a botanist of this vivid jungle, spread all about one, anatomist of the ribs and veins that run from the great backbone of Broadway!

To love her, one thinks, is to love one's fellows; each of them having some unknown share in her loveliness. Any one of her streets would be the study and delight of a lifetime. To speak at random, we think of that little world of brightness and sound bourgeois cheer that spreads around the homely Verdi statue at Seventy-third Street. We have a

faithful affection for that neighbourhood, for reasons of our own. Within a radius, thereabouts, of a quarter-mile each way, we could live a year and learn new matters every day. They call us a hustling folk. Observe the tranquil afternoon light in those brownstone byways. Pass along leisurely Amsterdam Avenue, the region of small and genial shops, Amsterdam Avenue of the many laundries. See the children trooping upstairs to their own room at the St. Agnes branch of the Public Library. See the taxi drivers, sitting in their cars alongside the Verdi grass plot (a rural breath of new-mown turf sweetening the warm, crisp air) and smoking pipes. Every one of them is to us as fascinating as a detective story. What a hand they have had in ten thousand romances. At this very moment, what quaint and many-stranded destinies may hail them and drive off? But there they sit, placid enough, with a pipe and the afternoon paper. The light, fluttering dresses of enigmatic fair ones pass gayly on the pavement. Traffic flows, divides, and flows on, a sparkling river. Here is that mystery, a human being, buying a cigar. Here is another mystery asking for a glass of frosted chocolate. Why is it that we cannot accost that tempting riddle and ask him to give us an accurate précis of his life to date? And that red-haired burly sage, he who used to bake the bran muffins in the little lunchroom near by, and who lent us his Robby Burns one night--what has become of him?

So she teases us, so she allures. Sometimes, on the L, as one passes along that winding channel where the walls and windows come so close, there is a felicitous sense of being immersed, surrounded, drowned in a great, generous ocean of humanity. It is a fine feeling. All life presses around one, the throb and the problem are close, are close. Who could be weary, who could be at odds with life, in such an embrace of destiny? The great tall sides of buildings fly open, the human hive is there, beautiful and arduous beyond belief. Here is our worship and here our lasting joy, here is our immortality of encouragement. Yes, perhaps O. Henry did say the secret after all: "He saw no longer a rabble, but his brothers seeking the ideal."

THE GHETTO

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Ghetto and Other Poems*, by Lola Ridge

I

Cool, inaccessible air
Is floating in velvety blackness shot with steel-blue lights,
But no breath stirs the heat
Leaning its ponderous bulk upon the Ghetto
And most on Hester street...

The heat...
Nosing in the body's overflow,
Like a beast pressing its great steaming belly close,
Covering all avenues of air...

The heat in Hester street,
Heaped like a dray
With the garbage of the world.

Bodies dangle from the fire escapes
Or sprawl over the stoops...
Upturned faces glimmer pallidly--
Herring-yellow faces, spotted as with a mold,
And moist faces of girls
Like dank white lilies,
And infants' faces with open parched mouths that suck at the air
 as at empty teats.

Young women pass in groups,
Converging to the forums and meeting halls,
Surging indomitable, slow
Through the gross underbrush of heat.
Their heads are uncovered to the stars,
And they call to the young men and to one another
With a free camaraderie.
Only their eyes are ancient and alone...

The street crawls undulant,
Like a river addled
With its hot tide of flesh
That ever thickens.
Heavy surges of flesh
Break over the pavements,
Clavering like a surf--
Flesh of this abiding
Brood of those ancient mothers who saw the dawn break over Egypt...
And turned their cakes upon the dry hot stones

And went on
Till the gold of the Egyptians fell down off their arms...
Fasting and athirst...
And yet on...

Did they vision--with those eyes darkly clear,
That looked the sun in the face and were not blinded--
Across the centuries
The march of their enduring flesh?
Did they hear--
Under the molten silence
Of the desert like a stopped wheel--
(And the scorpions tick-ticking on the sand...)
The infinite procession of those feet?

II

I room at Sodos'--in the little green room that was Bennie's--
With Sadie
And her old father and her mother,
Who is not so old and wears her own hair.

Old Sodos no longer makes saddles.
He has forgotten how.
He has forgotten most things--even Bennie who stays away
 and sends wine on holidays--
And he does not like Sadie's mother
Who hides God's candles,
Nor Sadie
Whose young pagan breath puts out the light--
That should burn always,
Like Aaron's before the Lord.

Time spins like a crazy dial in his brain,
And night by night
I see the love-gesture of his arm
In its green-greasy coat-sleeve
Circling the Book,
And the candles gleaming starkly
On the blotched-paper whiteness of his face,
Like a miswritten psalm...
Night by night
I hear his lifted praise,
Like a broken whinnying
Before the Lord's shut gate.

Sadie dresses in black.
She has black-wet hair full of cold lights
And a fine-drawn face, too white.

All day the power machines
Drone in her ears...
All day the fine dust flies
Till throats are parched and itch
And the heat--like a kept corpse--
Fouls to the last corner.

Then--when needles move more slowly on the cloth
And sweaty fingers slacken
And hair falls in damp wisps over the eyes--
Sped by some power within,
Sadie quivers like a rod...
A thin black piston flying,
One with her machine.

She--who stabs the piece-work with her bitter eye
And bids the girls: "Slow down--
You'll have him cutting us again!"
She--fiery static atom,
Held in place by the fierce pressure all about--
Speeds up the driven wheels
And biting steel--that twice
Has nipped her to the bone.

Nights, she reads
Those books that have most unset thought,
New-poured and malleable,
To which her thought
Leaps fusing at white heat,
Or spits her fire out in some dim manger of a hall,
Or at a protest meeting on the Square,
Her lit eyes kindling the mob...
Or dances madly at a festival.
Each dawn finds her a little whiter,
Though up and keyed to the long day,
Alert, yet weary... like a bird
That all night long has beat about a light.

The Gentile lover, that she charms and shrews,
Is one more pebble in the pack
For Sadie's mother,
Who greets him with her narrowed eyes
That hold some welcome back.
"What's to be done?" she'll say,
"When Sadie wants she takes...
Better than Bennie with his Christian woman...
A man is not so like,
If they should fight,
To call her Jew..."

Yet when she lies in bed
And the soft babble of their talk comes to her
And the silences...
I know she never sleeps
Till the keen draught blowing up the empty hall
Edges through her transom
And she hears his foot on the first stairs.

Sarah and Anna live on the floor above.
Sarah is swarthy and ill-dressed.
Life for her has no ritual.
She would break an ideal like an egg for the winged thing at the core.
Her mind is hard and brilliant and cutting like an acetylene torch.
If any impurities drift there, they must be burnt up as in a clear flame.
It is droll that she should work in a pants factory.
--Yet where else... tousled and collar awry at her olive throat.
Besides her hands are unkempt.
With English... and everything... there is so little time.
She reads without bias--
Doubting clamorously--
Psychology, plays, science, philosophies--
Those giant flowers that have bloomed and withered, scattering their seed...
--And out of this young forcing soil what growth may come--
 what amazing blossomings.

Anna is different.
One is always aware of Anna, and the young men turn their heads
 to look at her.
She has the appeal of a folk-song
And her cheap clothes are always in rhythm.
When the strike was on she gave half her pay.
She would give anything--save the praise that is hers
And the love of her lyric body.

But Sarah's desire covets nothing apart.
She would share all things...
Even her lover.

III

The sturdy Ghetto children
March by the parade,
Waving their toy flags,
Prancing to the bugles--
Lusty, unafraid...
Shaking little fire sticks
At the night--
The old blinking night--

Swerving out of the way,
Wrapped in her darkness like a shawl.

But a small girl
Cowers apart.
Her braided head,
Shiny as a black-bird's
In the gleam of the torch-light,
Is poised as for flight.
Her eyes have the glow
Of darkened lights.

She stammers in Yiddish,
But I do not understand,
And there flits across her face
A shadow
As of a drawn blind.
I give her an orange,
Large and golden,
And she looks at it blankly.
I take her little cold hand and try to draw her to me,
But she is stiff...
Like a doll...

Suddenly she darts through the crowd
Like a little white panic
Blown along the night--
Away from the terror of oncoming feet...
And drums rattling like curses in red roaring mouths...
And torches spluttering silver fire
And lights that nose out hiding-places...
To the night--
Squatting like a hunchback
Under the curved stoop--
The old mammy-night
That has outlived beauty and knows the ways of fear--
The night--wide-opening crooked and comforting arms,
Hiding her as in a voluminous skirt.

The sturdy Ghetto children
March by the parade,
Waving their toy flags,
Prancing to the bugles,
Lusty, unafraid.
But I see a white frock
And eyes like hooded lights
Out of the shadow of pogroms
Watching... watching...

IV

Calicoes and furs,
Pocket-books and scarfs,
Razor strops and knives
(Patterns in check...)

Olive hands and russet head,
Pickles red and coppery,
Green pickles, brown pickles,
(Patterns in tapestry...)

Coral beads, blue beads,
Beads of pearl and amber,
Gewgaws, beauty pins--
Bijoutry for chits--
Darting rays of violet,
Amethyst and jade...
All the colors out to play,
Jumbled iridescently...
(Patterns in stained glass
Shivered into bits!)

Nooses of gay ribbon
Tugging at one's sleeve,
Dainty little garters
Hanging out their sign...
Here a pout of frilly things--
There a sonsy feather...
(White beards, black beards
Like knots in the weave...)

And ah, the little babies--
Shiny black-eyed babies--
(Half a million pink toes
Wriggling altogether.)
Baskets full of babies
Like grapes on a vine.

Mothers waddling in and out,
Making all things right--
Picking up the slipped threads
In Grand street at night--
Grand street like a great bazaar,
Crowded like a float,
Bulging like a crazy quilt
Stretched on a line.

But nearer seen

This litter of the East
Takes on a garbled majesty.

The herded stalls
In dissolute array...
The glitter and the jumbled finery
And strangely juxtaposed
Cans, paper, rags
And colors decomposing,
Faded like old hair,
With flashes of barbaric hues
And eyes of mystery...
Flung
Like an ancient tapestry of motley weave
Upon the open wall of this new land.

Here, a tawny-headed girl...
Lemons in a greenish broth
And a huge earthen bowl
By a bronzed merchant
With a tall black lamb's wool cap upon his head...
He has no glance for her.
His thrifty eyes
Bend--glittering, intent
Their hoarded looks
Upon his merchandise,
As though it were some splendid cloth
Or sumptuous raiment
Stitched in gold and red...

He seldom talks
Save of the goods he spreads--
The meager cotton with its dismal flower--
But with his skinny hands
That hover like two hawks
Above some luscious meat,
He fingers lovingly each calico,
As though it were a gorgeous shawl,
Or costly vesture
Wrought in silken thread,
Or strange bright carpet
Made for sandaled feet...

Here an old grey scholar stands.
His brooding eyes--
That hold long vistas without end
Of caravans and trees and roads,
And cities dwindling in remembrance--
Bend mostly on his tapes and thread.

What if they tweak his beard--
These raw young seed of Israel
Who have no backward vision in their eyes--
And mock him as he sways
Above the sunken arches of his feet--
They find no peg to hang their taunts upon.
His soul is like a rock
That bears a front worn smooth
By the coarse friction of the sea,
And, unperturbed, he keeps his bitter peace.

What if a rigid arm and stuffed blue shape,
Backed by a nickel star
Does prod him on,
Taking his proud patience for humility...
All gutters are as one
To that old race that has been thrust
From off the curbstones of the world...
And he smiles with the pale irony
Of one who holds
The wisdom of the Talmud stored away
In his mind's lavender.

But this young trader,
Born to trade as to a caul,
Peddles the notions of the hour.
The gestures of the craft are his
And all the lore
As when to hold, withdraw, persuade, advance...
And be it gum or flags,
Or clean-all or the newest thing in tags,
Demand goes to him as the bee to flower.
And he--appraising
All who come and go
With his amazing
Slight-of-mind and glance
And nimble thought
And nature balanced like the scales at nought--
Looks Westward where the trade-lights glow,
And sees his vision rise--
A tape-ruled vision,
Circumscribed in stone--
Some fifty stories to the skies.

V

As I sit in my little fifth-floor room--
Bare,

Save for bed and chair,
And coppery stains
Left by seeping rains
On the low ceiling
And green plaster walls,
Where when night falls
Golden lady-bugs
Come out of their holes,
And roaches, sepia-brown, consort...
I hear bells pealing
Out of the gray church at Rutgers street,
Holding its high-flung cross above the Ghetto,
And, one floor down across the court,
The parrot screaming:
Vorwärts... Vorwärts...

The parrot frowsy-white,
Everlastingly swinging
On its iron bar.

A little old woman,
With a wig of smooth black hair
Gummed about her shrunken brows,
Comes sometimes on the fire escape.
An old stooped mother,
The left shoulder low
With that uneven droopiness that women know
Who have suckled many young...
Yet I have seen no other than the parrot there.

I watch her mornings as she shakes her rugs
Feebly, with futile reach
And fingers without clutch.
Her thews are slack
And curved the ruined back
And flesh empurpled like old meat,
Yet each conspires
To feed those guttering fires
With which her eyes are quick.

On Friday nights
Her candles signal
Infinite fine rays
To other windows,
Coupling other lights,
Linking the tenements
Like an endless prayer.

She seems less lonely than the bird

That day by day about the dismal house
Screams out his frenzied word...
That night by night--
If a dog yelps
Or a cat yawls
Or a sick child whines,
Or a door creaks on its hinges,
Or a man and woman fight--
Sends his cry above the huddled roofs:
Vorwärts... Vorwärts...

VI

In this dingy cafe
The old men sit muffled in woollens.
Everything is faded, shabby, colorless, old...
The chairs, loose-jointed,
Creaking like old bones--
The tables, the waiters, the walls,
Whose mottled plaster
Blends in one tone with the old flesh.

Young life and young thought are alike barred,
And no unheralded noises jolt old nerves,
And old wheezy breaths
Pass around old thoughts, dry as snuff,
And there is no divergence and no friction
Because life is flattened and ground as by many mills.

And it is here the Committee--
Sweet-breathed and smooth of skin
And supple of spine and knee,
With shining unpouched eyes
And the blood, high-powered,
Leaping in flexible arteries--
The insolent, young, enthusiastic, undiscriminating Committee,
Who would placard tombstones
And scatter leaflets even in graves,
Comes trampling with sacrilegious feet!

The old men turn stiffly,
Mumbling to each other.
They are gentle and torpid and busy with eating.
But one lifts a face of clayish pallor,
There is a dull fury in his eyes, like little rusty grates.
He rises slowly,
Trembling in his many swathings like an awakened mummy,
Ridiculous yet terrible.
--And the Committee flings him a waste glance,

Dropping a leaflet by his plate.

A lone fire flickers in the dusty eyes.
The lips chant inaudibly.
The warped shrunken body straightens like a tree.
And he curses...
With uplifted arms and perished fingers,
Claw-like, clutching...
So centuries ago
The old men cursed Acosta,
When they, prophetic, heard upon their sepulchres
Those feet that may not halt nor turn aside for ancient things.

VII

Here in this room, bare like a barn,
Egos gesture one to the other--
Naked, unformed, unwinged
Egos out of the shell,
Examining, searching, devouring--
Avid alike for the flower or the dung...
(Having no dainty antennae for the touch and withdrawal--
Only the open maw...)

Egos cawing,
Expanding in the mean egg...
Little squat tailors with unkempt faces,
Pale as lard,
Fur-makers, factory-hands, shop-workers,
News-boys with battling eyes
And bodies yet vibrant with the momentum of long runs,
Here and there a woman...

Words, words, words,
Pattering like hail,
Like hail falling without aim...
Egos rampant,
Screaming each other down.
One motions perpetually,
Waving arms like overgrowths.
He has burning eyes and a cough
And a thin voice piping
Like a flute among trombones.

One, red-bearded, rearing
A welter of maimed face bashed in from some old wound,
Garbles Max Stirner.
His words knock each other like little wooden blocks.
No one heeds him,

And a lank boy with hair over his eyes
Pounds upon the table.
--He is chairman.

Egos yet in the primer,
Hearing world-voices
Chanting grand arias...
Majors resonant,
Stunning with sound...
Baffling minors
Half-heard like rain on pools...
Majestic discordances
Greater than harmonies...
--Gleaning out of it all
Passion, bewilderment, pain...

Egos yearning with the world-old want in their eyes--
Hurt hot eyes that do not sleep enough...
Striving with infinite effort,
Frustate yet ever pursuing
The great white Liberty,
Trailing her dissolving glory over each hard-won barricade--
Only to fade anew...

Egos crying out of unkempt deeps
And waving their dreams like flags--
Multi-colored dreams,
Winged and glorious...

A gas jet throws a stunted flame,
Vaguely illumining the groping faces.
And through the uncurtained window
Falls the waste light of stars,
As cold as wise men's eyes...
Indifferent great stars,
Fortuitously glancing
At the secret meeting in this shut-in room,
Bare as a manger.

VIII

Lights go out
And the stark trunks of the factories
Melt into the drawn darkness,
Sheathing like a seamless garment.

And mothers take home their babies,
Waxen and delicately curled,
Like little potted flowers closed under the stars.

Lights go out
And the young men shut their eyes,
But life turns in them...

Life in the cramped ova
Tearing and rending asunder its living cells...
Wars, arts, discoveries, rebellions, travails, immolations,
cataclysms, hates...
Pent in the shut flesh.
And the young men twist on their beds in languor and dizziness
unsupportable...
Their eyes--heavy and dimmed
With dust of long oblivions in the gray pulp behind--
Staring as through a choked glass.
And they gaze at the moon--throwing off a faint heat--
The moon, blond and burning, creeping to their cots
Softly, as on naked feet...
Lolling on the coverlet... like a woman offering her white body.

Nude glory of the moon!
That leaps like an athlete on the bosoms of the young girls stripped
of their linens;
Stroking their breasts that are smooth and cool as mother-of-pearl
Till the nipples tingle and burn as though little lips plucked at them.
They shudder and grow faint.
And their ears are filled as with a delirious rhapsody,
That Life, like a drunken player,
Strikes out of their clear white bodies
As out of ivory keys.

Lights go out...
And the great lovers linger in little groups, still passionately debating,
Or one may walk in silence, listening only to the still summons of Life--
Life making the great Demand...
Calling its new Christs...
Till tears come, blurring the stars
That grow tender and comforting like the eyes of comrades;
And the moon rolls behind the Battery
Like a word molten out of the mouth of God.

Lights go out...
And colors rush together,
Fusing and floating away...
Pale worn gold like the settings of old jewels...
Mauves, exquisite, tremulous, and luminous purples
And burning spires in aureoles of light
Like shimmering auras.

They are covering up the pushcarts...
Now all have gone save an old man with mirrors--
Little oval mirrors like tiny pools.
He shuffles up a darkened street
And the moon burnishes his mirrors till they shine like phosphorus...
The moon like a skull,
Staring out of eyeless sockets at the old men trundling home the pushcarts.

IX

A sallow dawn is in the sky
As I enter my little green room.
Sadie's light is still burning...
Without, the frail moon
Worn to a silvery tissue,
Throws a faint glamour on the roofs,
And down the shadowy spires
Lights tip-toe out...
Softly as when lovers close street doors.

Out of the Battery
A little wind
Stirs idly--as an arm
Trails over a boat's side in dalliance--
Rippling the smooth dead surface of the heat,
And Hester street,
Like a forlorn woman over-born
By many babies at her teats,
Turns on her trampled bed to meet the day.

LIFE!
Startling, vigorous life,
That squirms under my touch,
And baffles me when I try to examine it,
Or hurls me back without apology.
Leaving my ego ruffled and preening itself.

Life,
Articulate, shrill,
Screaming in provocative assertion,
Or out of the black and clotted gutters,
Piping in silvery thin
Sweet staccato
Of children's laughter,

Or clinging over the pushcarts
Like a litter of tiny bells
Or the jingle of silver coins,
Perpetually changing hands,

Or like the Jordan somberly
Swirling in tumultuous uncharted tides,
Surface-calm.

Electric currents of life,
Throwing off thoughts like sparks,
Glittering, disappearing,
Making unknown circuits,
Or out of spent particles stirring
Feeble contortions in old faiths
Passing before the new.

Long nights argued away
In meeting halls
Back of interminable stairways--
In Roumanian wine-shops
And little Russian tea-rooms...

Feet echoing through deserted streets
In the soft darkness before dawn...
Brows aching, throbbing, burning--
Life leaping in the shaken flesh
Like flame at an asbestos curtain.

Life--
Pent, overflowing
Stoops and façades,
Jostling, pushing, contriving,
Seething as in a great vat...

Bartering, changing, extorting,
Dreaming, debating, aspiring,
Astounding, indestructible
Life of the Ghetto...

Strong flux of life,
Like a bitter wine
Out of the bloody stills of the world...
Out of the Passion eternal.

Image sources:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cooperstown,_New_York#/media/File:Cooperstown_Street.jpg

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Johnstown_\(city\),_New_York#/media/File:Fulton_County_Courthouse,_Johnstown.jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Johnstown_(city),_New_York#/media/File:Fulton_County_Courthouse,_Johnstown.jpg)

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Auburn,_New_York#/media/File:Harriet_Tubman_House_Dec_2007.jpg

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Palisades_Sill_from_Palisades_Parkway.jpg

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:American_and_Bridal_Falls_as_seen_from_Skylon_Tower.jpg

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Edith_Wharton_as_a_young_woman,_ca._1889_\(cropped\).jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Edith_Wharton_as_a_young_woman,_ca._1889_(cropped).jpg)

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Walt_Whitman,_age_28,_1848.png

New York is a Creative Commons Non-Commercial copyrighted project by Matt Pierard, 2021.